

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2811.—VOL. CII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: PROFESSOR DEWAR LECTURING ON LIQUID AIR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The writer of these "Notes" has been hoaxed. Someone wrote to say that I had inadvertently wounded somebody's feelings, and though I thought he must be a very unintelligent individual, I expressed, and felt, regret for it. This has apparently given my correspondent much pleasure. He writes in great triumph at having deceived me, and says we are now quits, because I once rejected a manuscript of his sent to the *Cornhill Magazine*. It would be very easy for me to describe the sort of person capable of this conduct, and, as he is absolutely certain to have confided the result of his clever trick to his friends, it would be rather disagreeable to him for them to possess the portrait. Let him thank his stars that other people have natures different from his own.

As a general rule, hoaxes have very little wit in them and a good deal of malignity. The Berners Street one is perhaps the most famous; but there is not much to admire in the forging a number of orders to tradesmen and putting them to a great deal of trouble and expense by sending them "on a fool's errand." The incident seems illustrative of the ill-nature that was a characteristic of Theodore Hook rather than of his wit. Nevertheless, there have been some hoaxes the vastness of which has redeemed their folly. In 1783 a watchmaker advertised in the *Journal de Paris* that he would traverse the river Seine between the Pont Neuf to the Pont Royal faster than a horse upon the land. He only asked that when he had accomplished this he should have 200 louis subscribed for his expenses. He described his apparatus for walking on the water most particularly: "elastic wooden shoes, fixed by a thick bar, a bladder in each hand, &c." Subscriptions poured in; and the city of Paris began to erect scaffolds for the spectators; a scientific society, with the King at the head of it, gave a thousand livres, and so on. Then the joker got frightened, confessed it was only his fun, and besought pardon of his Majesty through the lieutenant of police.

Two Frenchmen ventured on a dangerous experiment of this kind with Sultan Selim III. One of them dressed up as a bear, and in the character of that animal did many curious things, including playing on the pianoforte. Its fame, as they had expected, reached his Majesty's ears, and bear and bear-leader were summoned to the palace. The performance delighted the Sultan, and when Bruin executed a piece of music with its forepaws, he exclaimed, "I must buy that bear." The poor animal whispered in his master's ear, "Pray do not leave me here!" and by many caresses expressed his unwillingness to be parted from him, but this only made the Commander of the Faithful more fixed upon the possession of so intelligent a creature. Then the bear-leader asked a sum so large that he thought it would be prohibitive even to the Sultan. "Count it out!" cried his Majesty to his treasurer; and then the bear bolted, followed by his confederate. The Sultan, we are told, had penetrated the trick, and was so pleased with his own sagacity that he forbore to punish the rogues.

The only hoaxes that have had any real humour are the scientific or archaeological ones. It was very wrong of George Steevens, the Shaksperian commentator, to invent his description of the upas-tree and its surrounding atmosphere of poison, but when we find it introduced by Darwin into his "Botanic Garden," and thence into every description of magazine, with graphic illustrations of the object in question, even the moralist can scarce forbear to smile. The best archaeological hoax was that called "The Puzzle," (quoted in "The Book of Days"), which, aided by a clever engraver, deceived even the very elect—

BENE
A.T.H. TH. ISST
onere. pos. et
H. CLAUD. COS TERTRIP
E. SELLERO
F. IMP
IN. GT. onas. DO
TH. HI.
S. C.
ON. SOR
T. I. A. N. E.

What seems to be a Latin inscription is simply an English epitaph: "Beneath this stone reposes Claud Coster, tripe seller, of Impington; as doth his consort, Jane."

The begging-letter impostor is always with us, and he adopts the latest improvements to adorn his art. I flatter myself I know him pretty well, as indeed I ought to do if old acquaintance should never be forgot. I don't mind his writing to me, but I don't like his bringing his own letters. I can stand almost anything by the post in the way of misfortunes to my fellow-creatures, however "steep"; but when I hear of them by word of mouth I am almost inclined to become a believer in them. I feel, at all events, that they may be true, whereas the literary account of them is incredible. No man can be so unfortunate as to have fourteen children with six of them down with measles, and another coming; or a wife unable to leave her bed because he has been compelled to pawn her wooden leg (the "kynd gift of an eminent surgeon") to supply her with food.

These little unpleasanties are nothing to some things which happen to my begging-letter friends, but I remain unmoved by them. If my tears must fall for imaginary woes, I encourage my own profession by keeping them for those of the heroines in three volumes. But when these unfortunates come to close quarters with me, I am weak and foolish; not benevolent, far from it—I hate them: but it is not so easy for me, as for persons of better disciplined minds, to say "No." If the truth must be told, I have not the courage for it. I am like the Romans only in their decadence: when too indolent for resistance they bought the barbarians off. This is well known, and in strictly denying myself to them I have offended many worthy persons—persons of property, whom my faithful retainer, led astray by their unambitious appearance, has driven from the doorstep and threatened with the police.

A while ago a young American, faultlessly attired, called upon me as he said, upon business—but it was *his* business. I hoped it was in connection with international copyright. A more mistaken notion never entered into an author's brain. This youth was of most agreeable manners, and only just sufficiently nasal in his pronunciation to keep up the national credit. My present impression is that he was a Londoner. He described himself as being for the moment destitute of funds, and unable to communicate by telegraph at the necessary length to his friends in the States, from the want of (so he called it) "a ridiculous seven and sixpence." Not to "spoil a ship for a pound of tar," and because he would be wired ample funds (he said) through his father's banker on the morrow, I lent him half a sovereign. The next day at the club I heard this young gentleman's visit described by a sagacious friend, on whom he had also been so good as to call. "Did you give him anything?" I inquired indifferently, though I longed, with the yearning one always has to find one is not the only fool in the world, to hear that he had. "Give him anything?" he replied contemptuously. "I would have given him into custody except for the bother of it. I saw, of course, at once that he was an impostor. To prove it, I offered to send off the telegraph for him, which, as I expected, did not suit him at all. Then I said 'Confound your impudence!' and he took his leave in the most gentlemanly manner at once. No one but a congenital idiot would have been taken in by such a story." To which I assented, with a mental reservation. Only once have I got the better of one of this class, which was owing to his own want of address rather than to my sagacity. He, too, was a very distinguished-looking person, and, as I thought, of military appearance: much buttoned up about the chest—as I now believe, to conceal the absence of a shirt. He called upon me, he said, in the name of the brotherhood of letters, having been shorthand-writer to a famous novelist—Mr. So-and-So, whose credentials he brought with him. "But I don't know Mr. So-and-So," I said, "not even by name." "Not by name!" he said, and here it was he committed his error: "Why, he is as well known as you are!" Then I rang the bell at once, and my faithful retainer atoned for the error of showing that shorthand-writer in by kicking him out.

The philosophers who decry sentiment and assure us that only logic and reason are worth attention are still in the minority, and will probably remain so to the end of time. Men are quite as sentimental about some things as women are, and about one thing—pecuniary obligation—much more so. There is certainly very little logic in the male view of it. The sensitiveness of the Nationalist party, for example, with respect to the charge of accepting money from the Gladstonians while taking it from the Americans and their own people, was perfectly natural, but hardly logical. As the *Spectator* very happily put it, "Why should not folks subscribe for the support of their favourite M.P.'s as for their favourite missionaries?" The contention that a member may be assisted by a relative but not by a friend is ridiculous, since the greatest orators and politicians this country has produced have been so assisted, from the days of Fox to those of Beaconsfield. The same unreasonable scrupulousness pervades our social life. An allowance from an uncle, however unwillingly conceded, is unobjectionable; but pecuniary assistance from a wealthy friend is thought to be humiliating. That this feeling is merely a sentimental one is certain, since a legacy, however large, from the same hand is accepted without hesitation.

Now and then the philosophers rather shock us. I know a very distinguished one who, while he would put down intimidation with a strong hand, has no moral objection to bribery at elections. "A student of Constitutional history," he says, "it is very true, would never think of selling his vote. A well-principled person understands it to be a sacred privilege; but the vote is mine, and if I care nothing about politics, and am in need of a five-pound note, why should I not dispose of what is of no value to me, and another is very willing to buy?" This is sad enough, but in this case the sentiment of the country is not so generally opposed to philosophy as in others.

We are told that in Hungary the reading of newspapers has almost ceased, in consequence of the preference of the

inhabitants for the telephone. "They sit—or lie—at home with ears applied to tubes, and are supplied with every information *viva voce*." This system is carried on at the newspaper offices, and their subscribers "are regaled not only with paragraphs, but with leading articles and literary criticism." A more terrible state of affairs for persons who, like myself, detest having things read aloud to them, is hardly to be imagined. And how can the readers know what the listeners want to be read? In Hungary there would probably not be three leading articles a day upon Irish affairs, but that is what would have to be endured if the system should be introduced into this country. The difficulty of selecting what is in the newspapers is considerable, even as matters stand, but conceive having one's items of intelligence chosen by somebody else! It would be possible, no doubt, to stop this flow of information, but no mention is made of any plan for "switching" one stream off to another. One would have to listen to an article upon bimetalism before coming to one's favourite society gossip or to the police intelligence. Most shocking of all would be to hear the commencement of an unfavourable criticism of a work of one's own, and to find one had mislaid the stop of the telephone. "The most mellifluous readers," we are told, are employed; but in such case what would be the mitigation of even the most honeyed accents? It is not honey an author wants, but butter.

"It is the merest accident on earth," observes Hood in his epistle to Rae Wilson, "that you are not High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo," and a very proper reproof to that unco' guid man it was. It was also a very narrow chance that prevented a very different person, and by no means so "guid," from becoming a divine of the Church of England: he was brought to the very brink of the Voluntary Theological Examination, and then, so to speak, shied. "Have you no call?" inquired a serious friend. To which question another friend, not so serious, is said to have replied, "He has a call, but in the other direction"—a most unwarrantable statement, founded on the simple fact that the present writer had by that time evinced a strong attachment to the literary profession. Sometimes I still wonder whether my choice was wise. If promotion went by seniority, I should have been a bishop by this time: but a bishop must have good legs; I am not well off in that particular, and, unless my apron was made much longer than is customary, could never appear in public in episcopal costume; I had almost as soon wear a kilt. A bishop, too, can never give way to the softer emotions, to which I am thankful to say I am still prone. As Sydney Smith puts it, How can he ever make love? The most he can say to his inamorata is "I will speak a few words to you in the vestry after service."

Still, one may be a clergyman (and enjoy oneself) without being a bishop. I once preached a sermon extempore, of which I will make no further boast than that it produced a "collection" for two very poor men (of whom the preacher was one); but to write two sermons a week has always seemed to me a serious difficulty (I am inclined to think it was this consideration that made me "shy," for I am not generally so). If I could only have foreseen how easy matters would have been made for me in that way, I might still have adorned a pulpit. The "Sermon Exchange," however, was not then in existence. It is only in the United States even at present, but it will have "branches" here in a month or two. "Dear Sir" (says the circular), "have you ever investigated our Sermon Exchange? It is proving very successful and a great help to the ministry, as it affords opportunity for procuring in a quiet, legitimate, and inexpensive way new ideas for future use by exchanging old sermons for new ones. Send us a florin, or one of your sermons and a shilling, and we will send you a new one from some other locality, neatly type-written." A more convenient plan for saving the wear-and-tear of the theological mind was never conceived. There is no danger, or scarcely any danger, of discovery in it: the localities are kept strictly apart, and complete secrecy may be relied on. "Under no circumstances do we furnish the name of any subscriber to our system."

One of the many disadvantages of growing old in these days is the reflection, constantly recurring to us, of our having been born before our time. If we could only start as boys again we should find corporal punishment abolished, Greek no longer compulsory, and athletic sports substituted for what used to be called "sapping"; and the same improvement runs through the whole gamut of life. It is more perfected in one calling than another (the climax is to be found, perhaps, in the legal profession, where you keep your retaining fee from your client, but need not appear in court if you have a better case somewhere else); but everything everywhere is far more pleasantly arranged than it used to be. The Sermon Exchange is one of the latest developments of this; but it affects me more than most. I cannot help saying to myself, "Oh! why am I not, as I might have been, a divine instead of a—well not to be unnecessarily self-depreciatory—a layman? I might have written my one sermon and—thanks to the Exchange—have done with it. Why is there no Exchange for 'Notes'?"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

A dispassionate observer must admit that since the Session began the Opposition have not exactly come up to their own expectations. They have dallied in places more congenial than the House, and have allowed the Government to score heavy majorities. Mr. Seton-Karr has declared that this Ministry is as tyrannical as the Assyrian kings, and I have been expecting to see Mr. Marjoribanks, as he comes to the table with the figures of the division in his hand, trimming his beard in the style of Sennacherib. But at last the Conservatives have become alive to the imprudence of allowing a Government with a majority of forty-four to give itself the airs of overwhelming legions. This awakening came after the House had passed the first reading of the Welsh Suspensory Bill by a majority of fifty-six. The debate on this measure, which is virtually a notice to quit to Establishment in Wales, was signalled by the philosophy of Sir John Gorst, the audacity of Lord Randolph, and the indignation of Mr. Gladstone at a deep-laid plot to confine his eloquence within thirty minutes. If I were an Established Church I should not choose Sir John Gorst to defend me. His personal indifference to the fate of his client is a little too obtrusive. Lord Randolph, however, delighted his party by the vehemence of his assault on the Prime Minister, to whose devouring eagerness to secure votes for Home Rule he ascribed this campaign against the Welsh Establishment. Mr. Gladstone took up the challenge with fiery vigour, but I question whether this impressed the House so much as Mr. Kenyon's solemn protest. Mr. Kenyon is one of the small but gallant band of Tories from Wales, and he denounced the Suspensory Bill in terms which it is impossible to forget. "This Bill, Mr. Speaker," said he in a voice trembling with emotion, "is alien to my nature." I am accustomed to hear honourable members say that reason and justice revolt against some proposal, but a measure which is alien to Mr. Kenyon's nature, which is condemned by his complete physical, intellectual, and moral endowment, has received a blow from which it has no business to recover.

A majority of fifty-six for an attack on the Church is a portent which is not to be endured, and I was not surprised to find the Opposition a night or two later mustering in great force and with resolution written all over their shirt-fronts. Mr. Gladstone watched this array with a darkling eye, and held close consultation with the faithful Marjoribanks. There was, indeed, something like a crisis. Mr. Gladstone proposed to take morning sittings up to Easter, with a clear understanding that the Home Rule Bill should have precedence whenever he pleased. The Opposition suggested that this was an attempt to rush an obnoxious measure through its second reading, regardless of the rights of private members. Great was their joy to find Dr. Hunter, the loyal Radical from Aberdeen, proposing to exclude the Home Rule Bill from the operation of Mr. Gladstone's resolution. The Ministerial majority shrank to thirty-one, and the shirt-fronts on the Speaker's left swelled with pride and joy, which were presently moderated when the majority put on flesh again and rose to forty-two. Then was uplifted the imposing form of Sir William Harcourt, full of moving eloquence about the evils of drink. Somehow you suspect a Chancellor of the Exchequer who in a husky voice bids you go to a flaring gin-palace to see the victims of an awful vice. The Serjeant-at-Arms, always ready with a quotation, says that Sir William's sorrow reminded him of the lines of a contemporary poet—

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathise,"
Holding a revenue return
Before his streaming eyes.

The thought of what the Budget must owe to the liquor traffic makes you sceptical about temperance rhapsodies from the custodian of the public purse. But it must be owned that Sir William's Bill for giving a two-thirds majority in a district the right to close all the public-houses there, and to a bare majority the right to shut them on Sunday, was rapturously welcomed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Caine. There is to be no compensation to the publicans except a three-years warning after the passing of the Act that their licenses may be extinguished. On this proviso Mr. George Wyndham was very scornful. Mr. Tritton, a teetotaler who is nearly as gay as Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself, scoffed at the Bill, and maintained that public-houses ought to be not abolished, but proportioned to the needs of the population. The Bill exempts eating-houses, hotels, and refreshment-rooms at railway stations,

a condition which drew from Mr. T. W. Russell a lurid picture of tipplers taking penny or twopenny tickets, not to travel, but to regale themselves with alcohol at the station bar. To rob the poor man of his beer and leave the rich man to sit at his ease with vine leaves in his hair appeared to be the nefarious purpose of the Government in the opinion of their most resolute opponents.

After this came the pathetic spectacle of the House trying to understand Bimetallism. I have never seen so much intellectual strain. Members sat listening to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen with the veins standing out on their foreheads in the intensity of thought. The Serjeant-at-Arms explained that Bimetallism would raise silver to the standard of gold, the consequence of which would be that the House would need a silver Mace to enjoy a dual authority with me. This has given me a distaste for the subject.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To residents in London who cherish intellectual tastes, and delight in listening to the most authentic modern teachers of what used to be called "entertaining knowledge," few recollections are more gratifying than those of afternoons

audience were shown the high magnetic quality of liquid oxygen, and its resistance to the passage of the electric spark. The conversion of oxygen into ozone was also described. The retention by oxygen of its peculiar optical properties at the lowest temperature was demonstrated by the very dense and well-defined bands of its spectrum. In ordinary conditions oxygen shows no measurable thermal absorption, but at low temperatures its thermal absorptive power becomes manifest. It must play a very large and hitherto unsuspected part in absorbing and distributing the solar energy passing into our atmosphere—a function previously supposed to belong only to watery vapour. Its transparency to the blue rays of the spectrum and to the actinic rays lying beyond them was interesting in connection with the transmission of yellow rays by its nearest chemical neighbour, sulphur, and of red rays by the allied selenium. On the conclusion of the lecture, the Prince of Wales rose and spoke, thanking Professor Dewar, whom he had heard there eighteen months before, on the occasion of the Faraday centenary, when he saw, through a magnifying glass, the liquefaction of air effected,

THE EPISCOPAL SYNOD OF INDIA.

The English Church bishops of the province of India and Ceylon are accustomed to meet together at Calcutta once in every five years, for conference under the presidency of the Metropolitan, the Bishop of Calcutta. The meeting which took place in January this year was in one respect more memorable than any of the preceding assemblies, for it was inaugurated by the consecration in Calcutta Cathedral of the Rev. Alfred Clifford, D.D., to be Bishop of Lucknow, a newly constituted see cut off from the unwieldy diocese of Calcutta. Dr. Clifford was formerly secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta, and will now have jurisdiction as bishop over the North-West Provinces and Oudh, a territory containing some 111,000 square miles, with a population of 47,000,000, of all creeds. The Metropolitan, the Right Rev. E. R. Johnson, D.D., was chief consecrator, assisted by all his suffragans, who came from the distant sees of Madras, Bombay, Colombo, Rangoon, Lahore, Travancore, and Chota Nagpur. Our Illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta.

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD HOUSE-WIFERY LESSONS.

The recent exhibition of work for Chicago, which was on view at the offices of the London School Board, included some examples of laundry work done by the girls from different centres of such teaching. The course of instruction comprises the various items included in an ordinary washing day—namely, flannel washing, the washing of linen, bed and under linen, table linen, and other things; also drying, folding, starching, and ironing. The clothes are brought by the children themselves; and the evident enjoyment with which the various articles are washed and finished, ready to be carried home as triumphs of skill, proves the popularity of this teaching among the children. It is to be hoped also that the

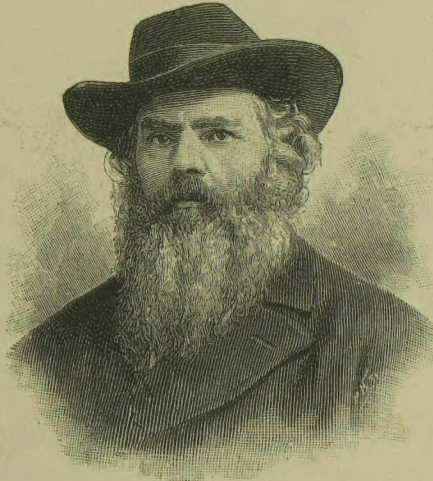
parents will in many cases see the advantage of having their clothes thoroughly washed and finished. The utensils employed are such as would be found in any comfortable working-man's home, and are made of a convenient size for the children to use. Drying is taught by means of the Kindergarten clothes, posts, and pegs affixed to an ordinary ironing-table, the actual drying being done by means of the fire. In our Illustration of the ironing, one little maid is goffering an apron, another "polishing" a collar, and a third ironing a piece of lace. The preparation of starch in boiling water and cold water is also shown. The earnestness depicted on the face of this little maid engaged in the work proves the importance of the task, at least to the girls.

The teaching of housewifery is one of the latest developments of the Board in the direction of the useful arts. As yet the funds are generously supplied by the Drapers' Company; and the scheme is worked under the direction of a joint committee of the London School Board, the City Guilds, and the Drapers' Company. The syllabus comprises the chief items of a day's work and a week's work in a working-man's home. It includes fire-lighting, bed-making, setting the dinner-table, and sweeping a room. Good hygienic rules are enforced, bearing upon each item of the practical work, which show the necessity of ventilating the bed and the readiest methods of ventilating the room or house, with the reasons for doing all this. The whole of this work has been organised and carried out by the Board's lady superintendent, Mrs. Lord.



MR. H. L. W. LAWSON, M.P. (GIBCESTER).

Born 1862, eldest son of Sir Edward Lawson; educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; was M.P. for West St. Pancras. Gladstonian. Polled 4687, against 4445.



MR. W. ALLAN, M.P. (GATESHEAD).

A Scotchman by birth, aged about fifty; had experiences of American blockade-running; is manager of Tyne and Wear Engineering Works. Gladstonian. Polled 6434, against 5566.



MR. J. H. JOHNSTONE, M.P. (HORSHAM).

Born 1850, son of the late Rev. G. D. Johnstone, rector of Creed, Cornwall; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; J.P., resides at Bignor Park, Sussex. Conservative. Polled 4150, against 2666.

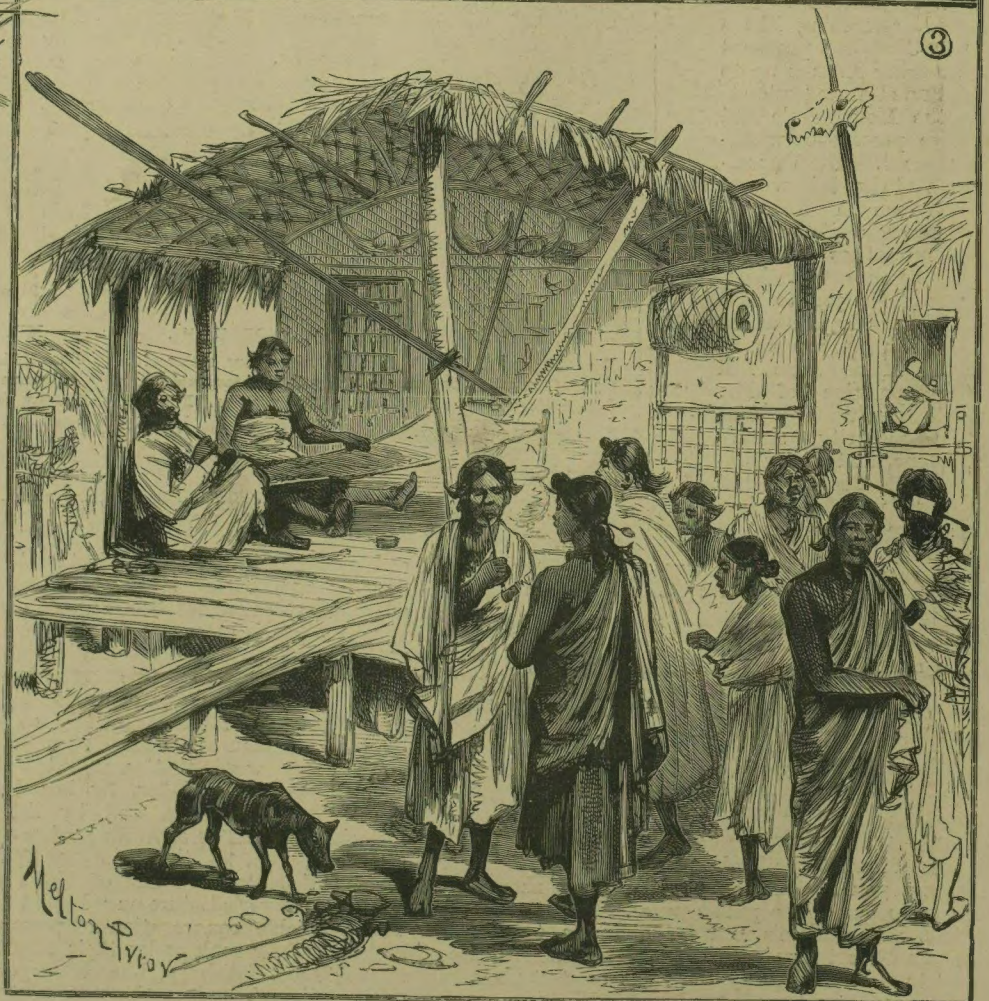
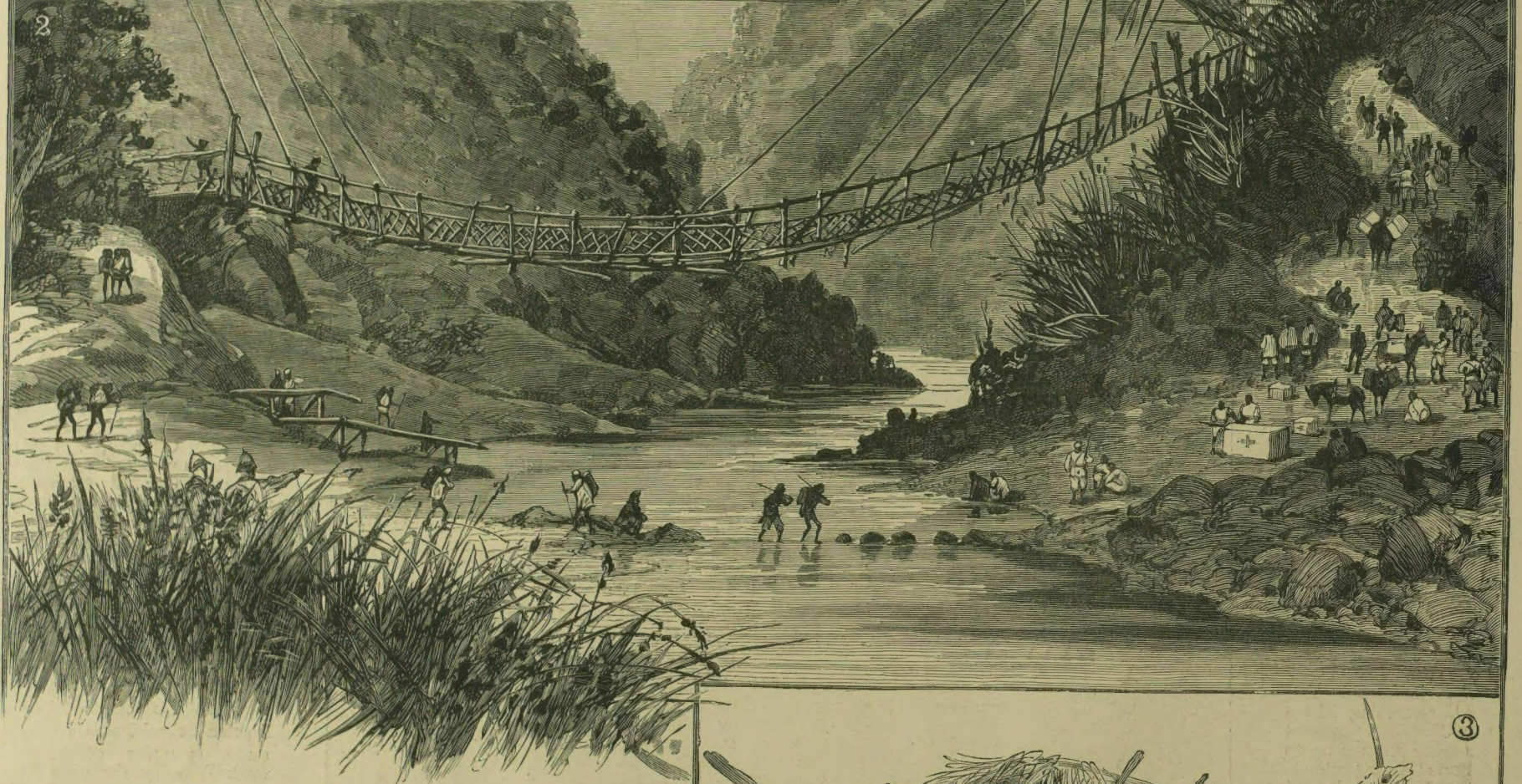
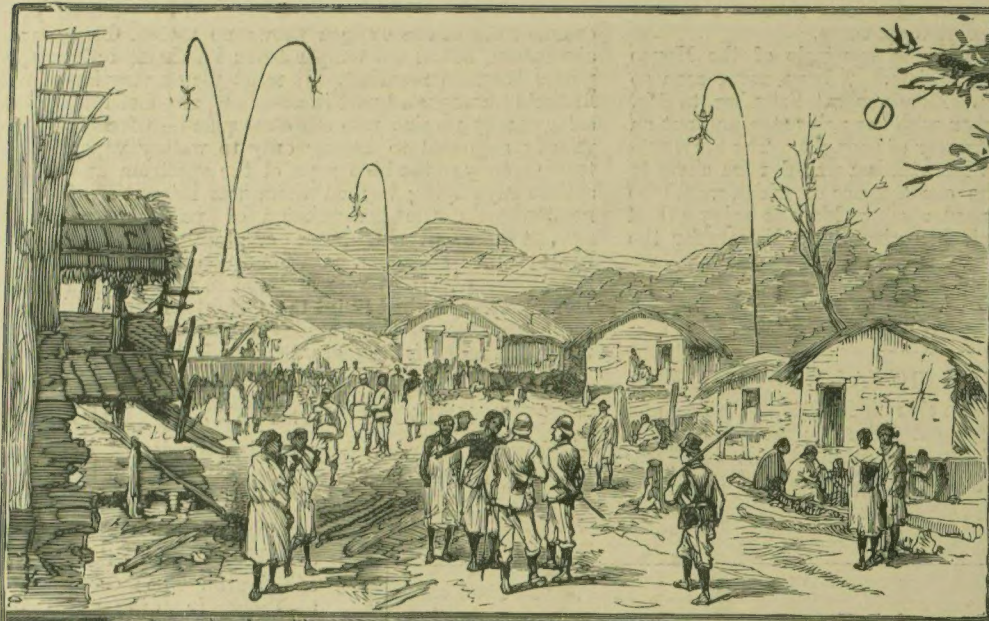


MR. G. WHITELEY, M.P. (STOCKPORT).

Born 1855, at Halifax; is a cotton-spinner at Blackburn, Alderman and former Mayor of Blackburn; contested Northwich Division last year. Conservative. Polled 5264, against 4799.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

and evenings passed in the lecture-theatre in Albemarle Street. The room, if not particularly handsome, is admirably planned for hearing and seeing, from elevated benches, easily accessible by the surrounding corridors, the learned man at the modest table on the floor below. Nowhere is this advantageous arrangement for a public speaker, contrary to the platform or pulpit position, more completely enjoyed. How many crowded audiences have been delighted here to catch every word that was uttered by Faraday or Tyndall, by Max Müller, by Murchison or Lyell, by Huxley or Carpenter, and by literary, critical, and historical, as well as scientific professors! On Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 22, the Prince of Wales took the chair, accompanied by the Duke of York, at the delivery of Professor Dewar's lecture on "Liquid Air." The audience was a notable congregation of persons distinguished in society by their rank or by their talents and accomplishments; Lord Salisbury, himself somewhat of a man of science, though more eminent as a statesman, was there, and several other peers, with peeresses, members of different learned professions, authors, and artists. The lecture was illustrated by experiments with the atmospheric gases. It was shown that by simple withdrawal of heat the mixture of oxygen and nitrogen which we breathe is converted into a liquid, with total loss of chemical properties, incapable of supporting combustion or of entering into combination even with phosphorus and sodium, while certain physical properties remain. The



The Lushai tribes, inhabiting the highland forests above Chittagong, nearly opposite the mouth of the Brahmapootra, on the eastern coast of the Gulf of Bengal, to the north of Arracan, have repeatedly given trouble to the military authorities of the British Indian Empire, sometimes acting in concert with their marauding neighbours the Chins, who dwell on the eastern side of those highlands towards Upper Burmah. Our esteemed correspondent Major C. Pulley, of the 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas, to whom we have been indebted for many sketches of former expeditions in that region, writes to us, on Jan. 14, from the camp at Lalheya's village of the south column of troops employed in similar service during the last winter months. It is near Kellam—"the hill of the dancing goat"—approached by crossing the Van Var River, where there is a suspension-bridge of cane and bamboo, a remarkable structure of the natives. The country is extremely rough, with very thick jungle. It is reached from Chittagong by boats going up the Karnaphulli River, by Rangamatta, as far as Demagri, whence the troops march through the forest. Some of the Lushai chiefs are friendly allies. One is Lalluova, who presented himself in an old suit of English clothes, black dress-coat with grey hat, given him by the Political Officer, and made fair promises while smoking his long pipe and imbibing "zu," an intoxicating liquor distilled from rice. A Lushai village consists of thatched huts built of matting, raised on poles above the ground; it is a picture of filth and misery, swarming with pigs, dogs, and rats. The people are lazy and dirty, fond of drink, cunning and treacherous, but very childish and easily amused. They are armed with spears, dhars, and a few guns, are skilful shikarries or hunters, and preserve human heads as trophies. The object of the expedition is to enforce the payment of fines due from chiefs for murders and robberies committed by the tribes. The southern column has advanced from Tungleh, in concert with another force moving from Fort Aijal. In the Chin Hills also, on the Burmese side of the country, the rebellious tribes are compelled to surrender their guns, and no fresh outbreak is reported by the latest telegrams.

1. Camp at Lalheya's Village, Kellam.

2. A Lushai Suspension-Bridge.

3. Interior of a Lushai Hut.

WITH THE SOUTH LUSHAI COLUMN.

SKETCHES BY MAJOR C. PULLEY, 3RD GOORKHAS.



AT THE PLAY.

PERSONAL.

A munificent citizen and benefactor of Liverpool was Sir Andrew Barclay Walker whose death, on Feb. 27, at Gateacre Grange, his residence near that town, is announced with regret. He was one of the sons of Mr. Peter Walker, a Scotchman, who established a brewery at Liverpool, afterwards removed to Warrington. Mr. Andrew Walker, having acquired considerable wealth in this business, and

THE LATE SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER.

being, in 1867, elected to the Liverpool Town Council, engaged in a career of local public usefulness. He became an Alderman, and was twice chosen Mayor, first in 1873, again in 1876; he built, at a cost of £50,000, the Walker Art Gallery, which he presented to the town. It was opened by Lord Derby in 1877, when the Queen conferred on its donor the honour of knighthood. An institute and reading-room at Gateacre was erected by Sir A. B. Walker as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee year, 1887, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him. In connection with the Liverpool University College, he further bestowed on the public a gift of the Walker Engineering Laboratories, which cost £20,000.

The Anti-Parnellites have found another literary man as a member of the party which Mr. Justin McCarthy leads. This is Mr. J. F. Hogan, who was returned for Mid-Tipperary, without opposition, in succession to Mr. J. F. McCarthy, who has lately died. Mr. Hogan is a youngish man, who has for some time done good work in London journalism and literature, especially as an expert in Australian affairs. This knowledge Mr. Hogan gleaned very early in life, for he was a clerk in the Education Department of the Civil Service in Victoria. Later he did some journalising for the *Melbourne Argus*; while his best literary work on this side of the water has perhaps been his study of the Australian career of Lord Sherbrooke. He is only thirty-eight years old.

Mr. William Allan, the new member for Gateshead, who has been elected by a majority of 868, or nearly treble that obtained by Mr. W. H. James, now Lord Northbourne, at the General Election, makes rather a notable addition to the House of Commons. He is a big man, physically and intellectually, with a certain flamboyant personality of a very attractive type. He is a self-made Scotchman, having risen from a simple engineer to be manager of great ironworks in Sunderland. His career, too, has had a spice of adventure. He was engineer on a vessel which attempted to run the blockade of Charleston by the Northern men-of-war. But his ship was taken and he was made prisoner. He escaped, and made his way to England. In the north of England he has for some years been one of the leaders of the advanced movement. He was one of the pioneers of eight hours, and started the system in his own works, accompanied by a five-per-cent. reduction in wages, to which the men gladly agreed. The experiment was so successful that he soon returned to his workers the arrears of wages he had withheld.

The late Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir Henry Fox Bristowe, Q.C., who died on Feb. 21 at his residence near Nantwich, sixty-eight years of age, was esteemed an able, diligent, and equitable judge in the court where he had presided since 1881. He was a native of Beesthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1847, practised with success, and became

THE LATE SIR HENRY FOX BRISTOWE, Q.C.

Queen's Counsel in 1869; he married a daughter of the late Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, a relative of the Earl of Bradford, but lost his wife seven years ago. Sir Henry Fox Bristowe, knighted in 1887, was much esteemed in Lancashire and Cheshire, as well as in London. He rendered good service to the establishment of the Board of Legal Studies at Liverpool, and to the interests of his profession in that part of England.

The Ministry have won another considerable success at Cirencester. Mr. Harry Lawson has been returned to Parliament for the seat which was held by the late Mr. Winterbotham, and lately by Colonel Chester-Master, who was unseated on petition. Mr. Lawson has, indeed, had a phenomenal career in electioneering. At the General Election he fought one of the St. Pancras divisions, and

was defeated. When Mr. Winterbotham died he fought Cirencester, and was beaten by three votes. He appealed for a scrutiny, and Colonel Chester-Master lost his seat. Mr. Lawson's majority was 242, against 153 for Mr. Winterbotham last summer, so that he was able to appear at the bar of the House wearing the bland and changeless smile which won the hearts of Cirencester.

Mr. Lawson is an old Parliamentary hand for so young a man. He is rich, possesses a good deal of the wealth which flows from the coffers of the *Daily Telegraph*, but has nothing to do with the politics or management of that journal. He was an active member during the time he sat for a London constituency, joined the County Council, and constituted himself the chief upholder of the cause of household enfranchisement. He speaks well, with the deliberation befitting the growing statesman. He is certain to rise, and his ambitions are not likely to be bounded by an Under-Secretaryship.

We much regret to announce the death of Mr. Robert Wilson, a journalist of great distinction, who has filled important positions on three great London daily papers—the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Wilson was educated at Edinburgh University, and he combined in a singular degree wide and deep knowledge with facility and powers of rapid and interesting expression. He had a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with modern English political and Constitutional history, and his memory was a wonderful storehouse of facts, curious and important. He was a man of high character, inflexible honesty, and with a real genius for the profession which he adorned. He was in his forty-seventh year, and had written, among other things, an admirable "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" for Messrs. Cassell and Company.

The French Republican Constitution has manifestly gained in stability and in public confidence by rallying and testing its political supporters in the party conflicts and personal scandals of the last three or four months. A significant proof of this result is the election, on Friday, Feb. 24, of M. Jules Ferry to the Presidency of the Senate, by 148 votes against 39 for the Royalist candidate. M. Jules Ferry, who

M. JULES FERRY,
The New President of the French Senate.

is in his sixty-first year, is one of the most consistent and upright of Republican politicians, having under the Empire of Napoleon III. persistently exposed the abuses of the Administration; and when elected to the Corps Législatif, in 1869, he led the Opposition to demand a scrutiny of the enormous expenditure on Baron Haussmann's schemes for adorning the city of Paris. He voted against the war with Germany in 1870; and upon the fall of the Empire, after the disaster of Sedan, became Secretary to the Provisional Government, took charge of the Department of the Seine, suppressed the first revolt of the Communists at the risk of his own person, succeeded M. Arago as Mayor of Paris, and aided in the defence of the besieged city. He afterwards took part in the negotiations with Bismarck for peace, though a much more skilful diplomatist must have failed, as he did, to prevent the cession of "a stone of our fortresses or an inch of our territory." In 1872 he was appointed Ambassador to Athens, but returned in about a year, and obtained a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. His latter political career, and the chief acts of his Ministry some years ago, the stringent laws which he procured to forbid school-teaching by clerical or lay members of certain religious societies, and the costly military expeditions to Tonkin and to Tunis, were disapproved by powerful and influential parties. But M. Ferry, who took his seat as President of the Senate on Feb. 27, is expected well to sustain the dignity of that office.

The private view of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers was somewhat sparsely attended on Saturday, Feb. 25—a fact no doubt owing in great part to the attendance of members of the Royal Academy and others at the funeral of the late Mr. Pettie. Mr. John Aird, M.P., however, drove direct from Brondesbury to Pall Mall, accompanied by his daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Courtney were early visitors. Mr. Seymour Haden, the accomplished president, was supported by Sir Charles Robinson, the "Curator," who was with his son, the clever engraver Mr. Gerald Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Newton Robinson. There was a curiously strong legal contingent, which included two Judges of the Court of Appeal, Sir Charles Bowen and Sir Nathaniel Lindley; Mr. Lionel Pyke, Q.C., Professor Westlake, Q.C., with Mrs. Westlake and Mr. Richard Searle. The best known of the exhibitors whom we noted were Mr. H. M. Marshall, Mr. Edgar Barclay, Mr. David Law, Dr. Edward Hamilton, Mr. Lawrence Phillips, and Mr. W. H. Urwick, a distinguished amateur from the City, whose seven works on the screen were much admired.

A successor to Lord Jersey, one of the most successful of Colonial Governors, has been found in the person of Mr. R. W. Duff, M.P., who is the new Governor of New South Wales. Mr. Duff has long been a popular and pleasant personage in the House of Commons. He was a junior Whip in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, and was, perhaps, the most successful of his colleagues. His early life, however, was spent in the Navy, and he drifted in time to a Civil Lordship of the Admiralty. His spruce

appearance, good manners, and long Scottish lineage will, perhaps, reconcile New South Wales to the fact that he is a commoner, and that he succeeds a fairly long line of titled Governors.

The American Civil War of 1861 to 1865 is happily now a matter of past history, which has left no effects of passionate resentment in the Northern or the Southern States of the great Republican Union, purged of negro slavery. Only in biographical notices, on the death of a notable military or political actor in that tremendous conflict, are we called upon to recite any of its deeds, among which those of

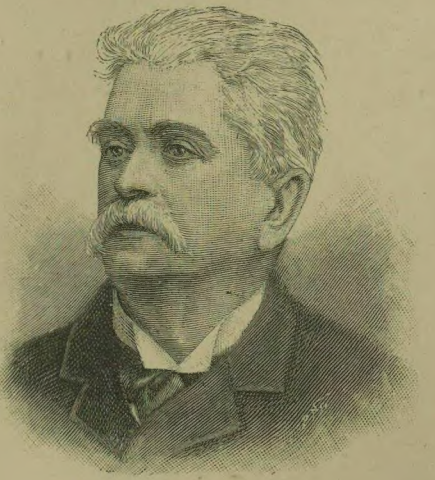


THE LATE GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

General Pierre Beauregard, who has died at New Orleans, aged seventy-five, were conspicuous at the time. An officer of the United States regular army, trained at the West Point Military Academy in the artillery and engineer branches, he served in the Mexican War, and gained preferment; but when his native State of Louisiana seceded, he joined the Army of the South, undertook the defence of Charleston, and fired the first shot at Fort Sumter. He was second to General A. S. Johnston in command of the first army in Virginia, and afterwards in Mississippi; succeeded that General after the battle of Shiloh, and held the field some months against General Grant. At a later period Beauregard defended Charleston, in South Carolina, during a year and a half, against both naval and military attacks; in 1864 he reinforced General Lee at Petersburg, near Richmond, and opposed some resistance, in the winter, to Sherman's invasion of Georgia, but was obliged to surrender in April 1865.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Hudson, who succeeds Sir George Greaves as Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, is fifty-nine, and is the eldest son of a naval officer, Captain John Hudson, who fought at Trafalgar and took part in the bombardment and capture of Copenhagen in the historic wars of the early days of the century. Sir John entered the Army forty years ago, and distinguished himself, when barely twenty-two, by his dash and gallantry in the Persian War. Then came the horrors of the Mutiny, and here, at Lucknow and Cawnpore, his ability and daring won high praise, and attracted the notice of Havelock, who appointed him Assistant Adjutant-General, and whose niece, by-the-way, he subsequently married. In Roberts's lightning dash upon Cabul in 1879, Sir John was again to the fore, and rendered his General immense service. His last fighting took place in the Soudan, and for his services there he received his K.C.B.

Among the critics and essayists, genuine English classics, of the early part of the nineteenth century, William Hazlitt belongs to the first rank. The death of his only son, the Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy, himself a man of letters, who was born in September 1811, merits a few words of recognition. The second William Hazlitt was a diligent student and a ripe scholar whose



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT.

literary work consisted mainly of translations and compilations, including a Classical Gazetteer and an edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." He was also learned in the law, and, by writing a timely pamphlet on the Registration of Assurances, gained notice among the profession; jointly with Mr. Roche, he produced a treatise or "Manual" of the international law of maritime warfare, and afterwards published editions of the Bankruptcy Acts, with notes and comments. His eldest son, Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, born in 1834, is author of a history of the Venetian Republic, and of one or two novels, besides the memoirs of his grandfather; he is the editor of Charles Lamb's works, of the poems of Lovelace, Herrick, and other old English poets, and a large contributor to sound antiquarian and historical researches.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, W., for our portrait of Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P.; to Messrs. Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East, S.W., for that of Mr. J. H. Johnstone, M.P.; to Mr. L. Shawcross, Blackburn, for that of Mr. Whiteley, M.P.; to Messrs. Disderi, Brook Street, W., for that of the late Mr. William Hazlitt; to Mr. Ruddock of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for that of Mr. W. Allan, M.P.; to Mr. McDermott, of Liverpool, for that of the late Sir Andrew B. Walker, Bart.; to Messrs. Benque and Co., of Paris, for that of M. Jules Ferry; and to Mr. C. Bornträger, of Wiesbaden, for that of the late Sir H. Fox Bristowe, Q.C.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Empress Frederick of Germany and Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg), came to London from Windsor on Monday, Feb. 27, by the Great Western Railway to Paddington, thence driving to Buckingham Palace, where their Majesties arrived at half-past twelve o'clock, escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards.

The Queen held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, Feb. 28. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and others of the royal family. The Duke of Aosta was present. The Queen wore a dress and train of rich black silk, trimmed with crape and chenille; headdress and coronet of diamonds and pearls; her ornaments were pearls, the star and ribbon of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, the Prussian Order, the Spanish and Portuguese Orders, the Russian Order of St. Catherine, and the Hessian and Bulgarian Orders. Her Majesty was attended by the Lord Chamberlain and the officers of her Household. The foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were introduced in the diplomatic circle. A number of ladies, and several gentlemen on their appointment or preferment to offices, were presented to her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, came from Sandringham on Feb. 27 to join the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. Their Royal Highnesses, also the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince and Princess Christian, dined at Buckingham Palace with the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and Princess Beatrice the same evening.

The Prince of Wales attended the sitting of the House of Lords on Monday, Feb. 27. On the Saturday, his Royal Highness presided at a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum.

The Duke of Fife presided on Feb. 25 at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons, on Feb. 28, unanimously re-elected the Prince of Wales as Grand Mark Master.

The election for the Horsham Division of Sussex resulted; by the declaration of the poll on Feb. 25, in the success of Mr. J. H. Johnstone, the Conservative candidate, who had 4150 votes against 2666 for the Gladstonian Liberal, Mr. R. G. Wilberforce. The Stockport election, at the polling on Feb. 22, returned Mr. George Whiteley, Conservative, by 5264 votes against Major Sharp Hume, the Gladstonian candidate, who polled 4799. In the North Division of Meath, Mr. Gibney, Anti-Parnellite Nationalist, was returned by 2635 against 2376 for the Parnellite, Mr. Pierce Mahony. In the Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire, Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, Gladstonian, was elected by 4687 against 4445 for Colonel Chester Master. At Gateshead, on Feb. 24, Mr. W. Allan, Gladstonian, was successful, polling 6434 against 5566 for Mr. Pandeli Ralli, Liberal Unionist.

The campaign against the Irish Home Rule Bill is making progress at the instance of the Committee of Ulster Unionist members, one or other of whom has arranged to speak at the following meetings: March 1, Hackney, Mr. Dunbar Barton, Q.C.; March 7, Bath, Mr. Dunbar Barton; March 9, Cardiff, Lord Ashbourne; March 10, Exmouth, Mr. W. E. Macartney; and Wolverhampton, Mr. Carson, Q.C.; March 15, Mortlake, Mr. Macartney; Liverpool, Colonel Saunderson and Colonel Waring, Grand Master of the English Orangemen; Wolverton, Mr. Dunbar Barton; and Watford, Mr. T. W. Russell; March 17, Exeter, Mr. T. W. Russell; March 18, Maybole, Mr. Macartney; March 20, Cannock, Mr. Macartney; March 27, Sheffield, Colonel Saunderson; April 5, Keswick, Mr. Bagwell. Further demonstrations in Hull and other towns are being arranged. On Feb. 28 a great Anti-Home Rule demonstration was held at Belfast, convened by the Lord Mayor, Sir Daniel Dixon, to protest against the passing of a measure which would be "repudiated by the loyal and industrious people of Ireland, destroy commerce and credit, bring ruin on manufacturing industries, depreciate all kinds of property, and make desolate many happy and prosperous homes."

A declaration has been signed by fifty influential clergymen with reference to the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Bishop of Lincoln's case. The signatories, while desirous to discourage all thoughts of secession, and while bowing, as loyal Churchmen, to the decisions of the Supreme Court, express the belief that the legalised toleration of a variety of ritual in the administration of the Holy Communion will prove a serious evil; they fear that there is no finality in the decision of the Judicial Committee, and can discern no signs that ritual practices will be restrained within the limits of the judgment.

At a Mansion House meeting in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund the report showed that the receipts for the past year had been £20,309, against £18,909 in 1891, and the amount distributed had been £17,009, or £725 more than in the previous year.

On Feb. 22 Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, distributed the prizes at the Drapers' Hall to the successful pupils in the classes for manual training conducted by a joint committee of the London School Board, the City and Guilds Technical Institute, and the Drapers' Company.

The Shipping Federation have issued a statement protesting against the proposal of Government to eliminate

from the English law, as applied to seamen, the doctrine of common employment, on the ground that shipowners are unable to exercise any supervision or control over their workmen during a voyage.

The Court of Inquiry has pronounced judgment as to the loss of the Anchor Line steamer Roumania, finding that the Roumania was sufficiently provided with compasses, and that they were in proper order; that she carried the life-boats and life-saving apparatus required by the law; that the life-belts in two of the cabins were not accessible to their occupants at the time of the wreck; that the vessel had sufficient hands on board, though in passenger-vessels of this class there should be more than four European quartermasters; and that the probable cause of the disaster was that the vessel over-ran her distance, and was set out of her course by an unusually strong easterly current.

At football, under the Rugby rules, a match between Yorkshire, the champion county, and the Rest of England, played on Saturday, Feb. 25, at Huddersfield, resulted in a win for the county by a try to nothing. Under Association rules, an international match between England and Ireland, at Birmingham, ended in a victory for England by six goals to one.

The Miners' Federation Conference to consider the proposal to stop work for a month, in order to restrict the output of coal and keep up wages, was opened on Feb. 28 at Birmingham. There are sixty-eight delegates in attendance, representing 246,300 miners. The conference

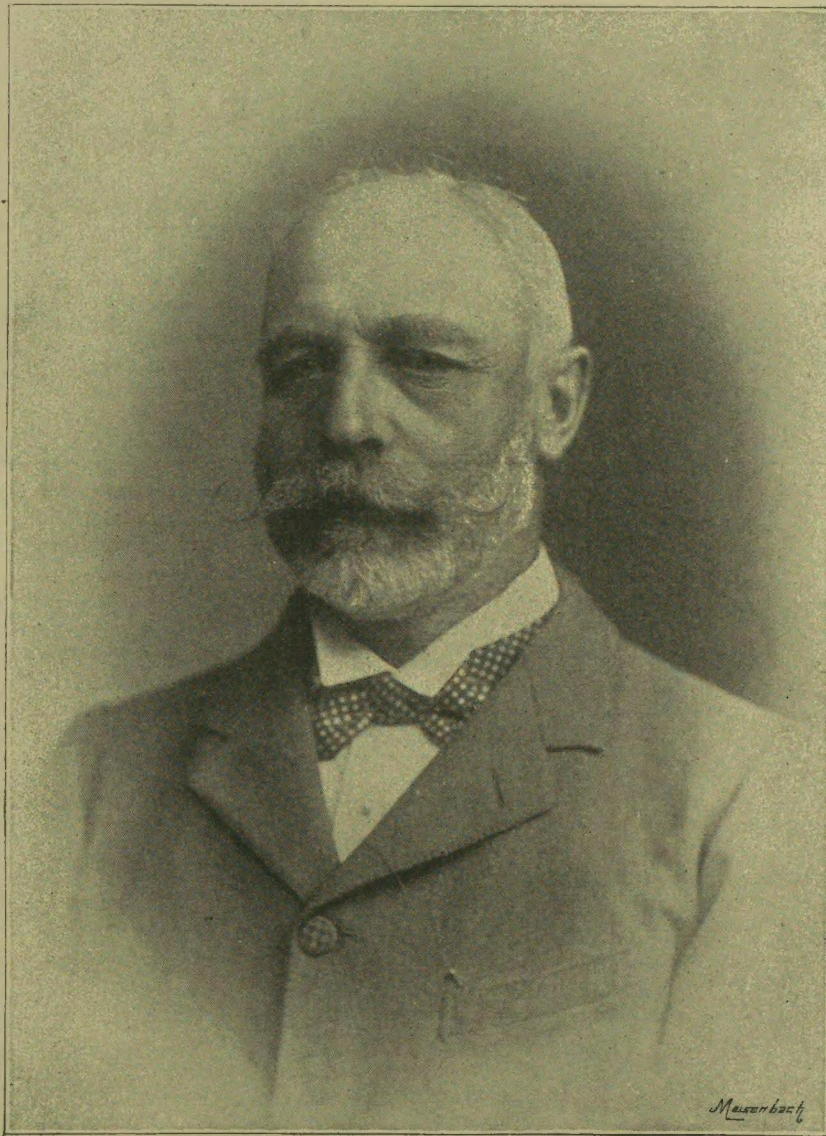


Photo by Elliot and Fry, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT HON. R. W. DUFF, M.P., NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

begins under the presidency of Mr. S. Woods, M.P., and it has been decided to exclude the Press.

Early on Saturday morning, Feb. 25, the steamer Cincora, of Glasgow, 688 tons, from Valencia for London, with oranges, was run into and sunk by the German barque Lake Ontario, off Dungeness, and two of the crew were drowned.

The Improvements Bill of the London County Council, which contains the "betterment" clause, as proposed to be applied to the improvements sought by that Bill, among which are the new streets between Holborn and the Strand, has come before the Standing Orders Committee of the House of Commons. On the question of non-compliance with standing orders, the Committee decided to allow the Bill to proceed.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury, the trial of Sir Henry A. Isaacs, Mr. Joseph M. Isaacs, Mr. Dollman, and Mr. Horatio Bottomley—a criminal prosecution for transactions in connection with the Hansard Publishing Union—was on for hearing on Feb. 16, when it had occupied the attention of the Court and jury for fourteen days. On the following morning only eleven of the jurors took their places in the box, and it was found that the remaining juror was suffering from influenza, and was unable to attend. One or two adjournments thereupon took place, the last of them being on Tuesday, Feb. 28, when there was another medical certificate to excuse the absence of the juror; then some further discussion took place, and Monday, April 17, was fixed to resume the trial.

Mr. Charles Wells, who "broke" the gambling bank at Monte Carlo and owned several pleasure-yachts, has been committed by the Bow Street police-magistrate for trial on charges of fraud with pretended patents of inventions.

The election of M. Jules Ferry, who was French Minister of Public Instruction in 1879, and was afterwards Prime Minister, but who has for some years past been deprived of public favour, to the presidency of the Senate, on the retirement of M. Le Royer, took place on Feb. 24, and is noticed by us in a brief personal memoir. It is considered to be an incident of satisfactory import with regard to the substantial union of purpose among supporters of the French Republican Constitution, and of good omen for peaceful relations with Germany, which M. Jules Ferry has always recommended.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on Feb. 28, urgency was voted, by 335 against 57, for a Bill proposed by M. Boissy d'Anglas, making newspapers responsible in cases of financial puffing. It would make newspaper editors, managers, and writers liable to imprisonment and fine, and to the payment of damages, for the publication of articles puffing a dishonest or even unfortunate enterprise, and thus inducing the public to risk their money.

At Brussels the Congo State Government has news that Lieutenant Dhanis, commanding between Sankuru and the Lomani, has inflicted a heavy defeat upon Sefu, Tippoo Tib's son. The Arabs have been repulsed towards Kassongo; five hundred prisoners were taken, including five chiefs, and 600 guns imported from Zanzibar.

In the German Reichstag, on Feb. 28, discussing the budget of the Foreign Office, the Imperial Chancellor, Count Caprivi, a suggestion having been made for the submission of the Alsace-Lorraine question to a European Court of Arbitration, replied: "If a Court of Arbitration were to decide that Germany must give back Alsace-Lorraine, I am convinced that the Fatherland would not obey, but rather sacrifice the last drop of its blood." The German Empire had observed an absolutely impartial and neutral attitude towards France in Dahomey, and had, at the same time, safeguarded every German interest.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria have gone to Switzerland, for a short sojourn near Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva. At Vienna, the subscriptions for sixty million florins Austrian Four-per-Cent. Gold Rente are very satisfactory; the loan is likely to be covered eleven or twelve times. About one hundred and fifty million florins were subscribed in Austria, three hundred and fifty millions in Germany, sixty in France, sixty in Belgium, and forty in Holland and Switzerland.

The English and Scottish Roman Catholic pilgrims to the Jubilee festival of Pope Leo XIII. left Rome on Tuesday, Feb. 28, numbering 250. The Pope has quite recovered from his slight indisposition caused by fatigue.

The floods in Austria-Hungary have caused considerable loss of life. The village of Gerey, below Budapest, was inundated suddenly on Feb. 27, and eight or nine people drowned. At Temesvar, a town with a low-lying suburb, the people were saved only with great difficulty. The danger is in all parts of Hungary, owing to the enormous masses of snow. A similar peril threatens numerous valleys in Austria.

In Italy, on Feb. 28, the Assize Court at Modena began the trial of twenty-four Republicans and Socialists, inhabitants of the Province of Romagna, belonging to two hostile factions, which, so far back as Oct. 25, 1891, came into conflict at Villa San Michele, in consequence of the murder of a Republican by a Socialist. In the encounter five men were killed. The trial will last a month.

The new President of the United States of America, Mr. Grover Cleveland, assuming his office at Washington on Saturday, March 4, has formed his Ministry and prepared his political Message. The project of annexing Hawaii to the United States is of most immediate interest among the legacies of President Harrison's Administration.

A reported victory of the insurgents under Tavares in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul is discredited by the Minister of Brazil in London, who states that the revolt is purely local, and will be suppressed by the regular troops.

NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

The resignation, by the Earl of Jersey, of the Governorship of New South Wales has been followed by the appointment of the Right Hon. Robert William Duff, M.P. for Banffshire. This selection is regarded in that colony, we are told, as in conformity with the resolution adopted by the Legislative Assembly in 1888, expressing the opinion that "no person should be appointed to the office of Governor who had not had experience in the conduct of public affairs in high political office or in the Imperial Parliament."

Mr. R. W. Duff, born at Banff in 1835, is the only son of the late Mr. Arthur Duff, of Fetteresso Castle, Stonehaven, who assumed the name of Abercomby on succeeding to the estates of his mother; but in 1861 Mr. Robert Duff-Abercomby resumed the former name when he came into the property of a paternal uncle. He was educated at Blackheath School, near London, entered the Royal Navy in 1848, attained the rank of lieutenant in 1856, and retired in 1870 as commander. He has sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Banffshire since 1861; from 1882 until 1885 he was a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and in 1886 a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council last year. Mr. Duff married, in 1871, a daughter of the late Sir William Scott, of Ancrum.

Bishop of Travancore and Cochin (Dr. Hodges).

Bishop of Lahore (Dr. Matthew).

Bishop of Lucknow (Dr. Clifford).

Bishop of Chota Nagpur (Dr. Whitley).



Bishop of Rangoon (Dr. Strachan).

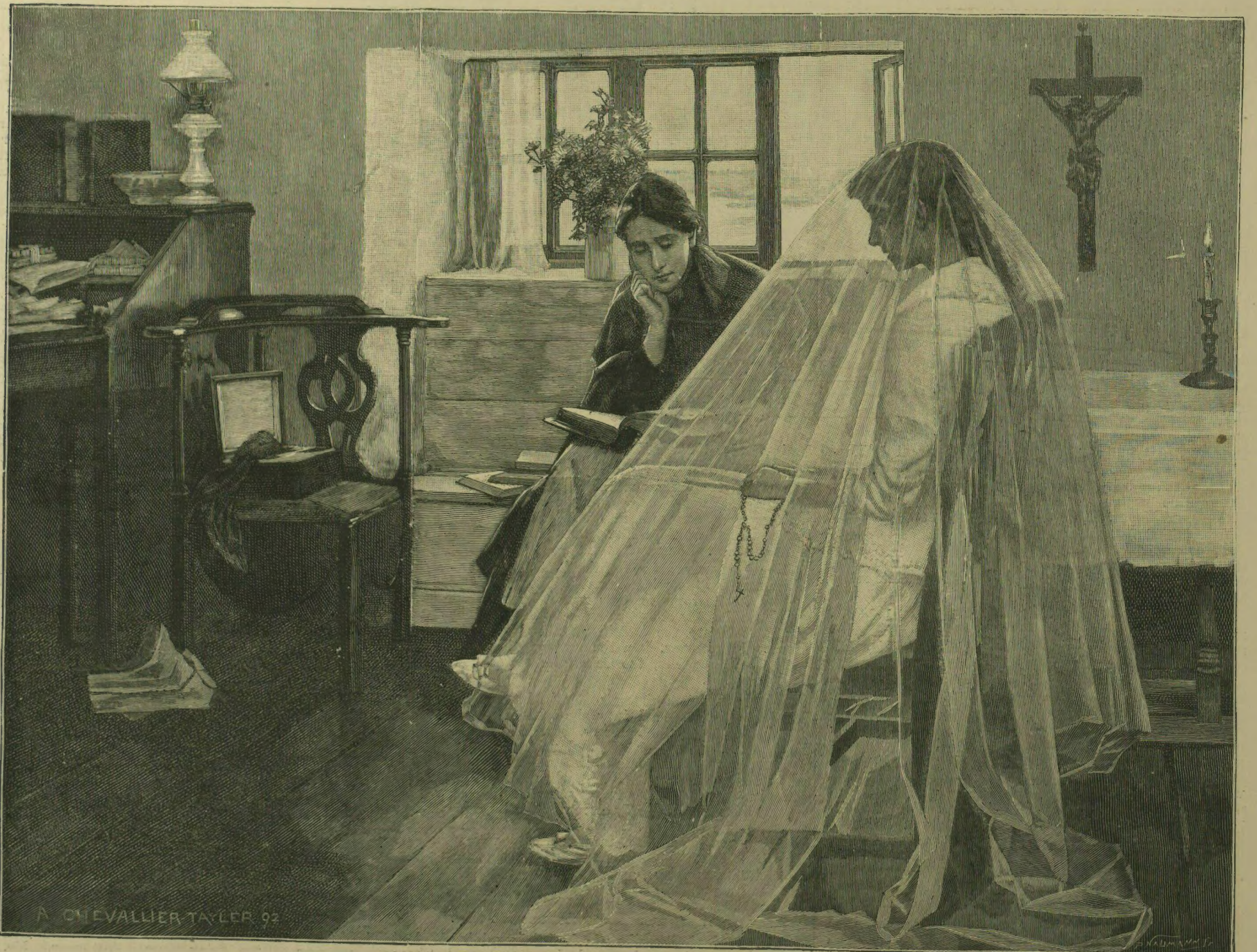
Bishop of Madras (Dr. Gell).

Bishop of Calcutta, Metropolitan (Dr. Johnson).

Bishop of Bombay (Dr. Mylne).

Bishop of Colombo (Dr. Copleston)

A SYNOD OF ENGLISH BISHOPS AT CALCUTTA.



CONFIRMATION DAY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. CHEVALLIER-TAYLER.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
WALTER BESANT.



CHAPTER IX. THE COUSINS.

R. SYDNEY BERNARD,
Mr. Aldebert Angelo.

Madame Elveda took the cards from the salver, read them aloud, and looked up. "Who are these gentlemen?"

"They ask to see you, Madame."

"What is their business? What do they want? Are they gentlemen?"

"They are dressed like gentlemen, Madame," replied the servant, cautiously. "They want to see you on business of importance, they say."

Madame Elveda hesitated a moment. "In that case," she said, "show them in."

She was sitting in her own room alone; it was about four in the afternoon.

When her two visitors appeared she changed colour slightly, for they belonged to the People whom she had disowned and to the religion she had deserted for twenty years. She rose: "You wish to see me, gentlemen?"

"If you please, Madame," one of them replied, bowing.

"Will you kindly proceed straight to the business which has brought you here? If it is likely to be a long business you had better take chairs."

One of the two was apparently a prosperous man of business—well-dressed, fat, and polite—the one who bowed. The other, lean and sharp-eyed, looked round the room curiously, and gazed unabashed upon the lady without bowing at all. He was dressed in sporting guise. You have seen both these gentlemen already.

They took chairs and sat down side by side before the table. Madame Elveda looked at their cards again and lifted her pince-nez. The manner of her doing this conveyed a reproach—a suggestion—of intrusion. However, she sat down again and took up a paper-knife with which she tapped the table.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please. You represent some Cause—you want a subscription."

"No," said the man of the Turf, sharply, "we want no subscription and we represent no Cause."

"Not at all," added the merchant, but softly; "we neither invite nor give subscriptions to any Cause. We are quite satisfied with the law of the land for the protection of order and the relief of the unfortunate. So long as the law of the

land allows us to carry on our own business for ourselves we are satisfied."

"Well, gentlemen, in your own way and at your own time. I suppose that your own time is valuable."

"I will introduce our business," the man of commerce went on, "by introducing ourselves—my brother and myself. My name is, in business, Aldebert Angelo. My private residence is in this road, not many doors from you, Madame Elveda. You will therefore perceive, to begin with, that I am a substantial man."

"He is a substantial man," echoed the other.

"I have a little place in Mortimer Street, of which you may have heard. Pictures, I see you have"—he looked round the room—"and a little bric-à-brac. That vase between the windows looks a pretty thing. At my place there are always pictures and bric-à-brac and valuable things to be seen. All the collectors know me."

"They all know him well," echoed the other man.

"I have at the same time other little things going."

"Little things?" echoed his brother. "He runs a theatre, and he's got a financial paper and shares in a sporting paper—little things, he calls them."

"My brother here," continued the Merchant Adventurer, "is a man very well known in certain circles. Perhaps you are not familiar with the Turf? My brother is a racing man, a betting man, a bookmaker. As such he is well known and deeply respected as a man of his word, and a substantial man."

"Except"—his brother interrupted.

"Of course, except on the occasion of continued bad luck. There are vicissitudes, as we may say, ups and downs in every line of life. I myself could speak of losses which would amaze



"Yes," she murmured, "the man was right. Jewess!—Jewess!—Jewess! All the world can see. No disguise can change the face!—Always the same face!—the same face through all the ages!"

you—enough to make most men's hair turn grey. But, my brother, under the name of Sydney Bernard—or Syd, as he is familiarly called by his friends—carries on large transactions with enormous risks."

"Enormous!" echoed the sportsman. "But these risks eat into business. Still, I am doing pretty well—not like my brother here, but pretty well."

"Indeed!" Madame Elveda received these communications with profound coldness, looking the two men straight in the face. To see them the more plainly and the better to mark her sense of cold astonishment, she again put up her eye-glasses. "I do not at all understand why I am told these interesting facts."

"You soon will," said Mr. Bernard.

"Excuse me, brother," with softness. "We will explain to Madame Elveda immediately. Remember, we are strangers to her, and intruders. Patience! Madame, we have informed you of these particulars in order that you may not begin by suspecting that we have come to borrow or to ask anything of you. We have no designs upon your fortune, believe me. Now, we carry on our trade, as is often the custom of our People, under assumed names. I am Aldebert Angelo in business; among ourselves I am Solomon Albu." Madame Elveda's face flushed. "Solomon Albu, my brother, who is Sydney Bernard in business, among his own friends is Isaac Albu—and—Madame Elveda—we are your cousins."

"My cousins?" She turned from crimson to pallor, like a schoolgirl. "My cousins? I was not aware that I had any."

"Your cousins. Your second cousins," said the merchant. "We have the same great-grandfather. Our grandfathers were brothers."

"Your second cousins," repeated Mr. Bernard.

"Suppose that to be the case, I neither deny nor accept the fact. I say that I neither refuse nor recognise the cousinship. I am still unable to understand why you have called upon me, or what you want with me." She spoke with apparent unconcern, but her hand trembled. The unexpected appearance of a forgotten cousin may at any time be more than embarrassing. The last thing Madame Elveda looked for was the appearance of cousins in London.

Then the man of the Turf took up the parable, speaking roughly. His manner was quick: he wanted the softness of his brother: no doubt his profession explained the difference. "You will do just as you please," he said, "about acknowledging the cousinship. It is there, you know, whether you acknowledge it or not. You can't choose your relations, however proud you may get. As for us, however, we've got nothing to gain from you and nothing to ask of you. You may disown us if you like; if you do, we are not going out of our way to claim cousinship. Very likely you may want to disown all your family. Do so if you like—nobody cares; but you belong to them all the same. Remember that. You are not too polite to us, and, this visit over, I don't think we shall want to trouble you again."

"If I only understood the reason of this visit," said Madame Elveda, a little more politely; "if you would only be so good as to tell me why you came at all. Can you not perceive that when one has lived forty years and more without knowing that one has cousins the question is very natural—can we not very comfortably continue apart for the rest of our lives?"

"Presently—presently," Mr. Aldebert Angelo answered softly. "We'll come to that presently. My brother is hasty—on the Turf one has to be prompt. In business we learn to make allowance. Well, Madame Elveda, you are naturally a little surprised at so unexpected a visit, and one can understand you are not anxious to find out a lot of cousins who may want assistance from you. Poor relations are a nuisance always, even to the richest. But then, you see, we've all got poor relations, especially we of the People, because we keep our genealogies. Now let me explain to you more clearly who we are. It is going back a hundred years and more. Your grandfather and our grandfather were brothers; they were born about the year 1785 in the Ghetto of Venice; they were by descent Spanish—Sephardim. Their ancestors were settled in Spain from time immemorial: they went to Spain before the time of the Maccabees even. You remember that?"

Madame shook her head—a gesture which might mean anything.

"It is true all the same," said Mr. Sydney Bernard, snorting, "whether you remember it or not. What! Not remember your own grandfather?"

"Peace, brother. Let me go on. They were very poor boys, but the Revolution came, and after the Revolution the Wars. Then they got their chance. That was a splendid time for poor-boys. Never before had our People found such a chance. My grandfather attached himself, when he was quite a lad, to the French armies, as a sutler, you know. Your grandfather joined the other side. My grandfather wasn't lucky. Either he couldn't get the contracts he wanted or else he couldn't get paid, or the French armies went without contracts at all—the men foraged and looted for their support—I don't know. He followed the French armies, anyhow. Perhaps it was only with a cask of brandy in a cart; perhaps it was with a singing show: he went where they went, and he had his ups and downs. The Moscow business completely broke him up: after that he brought whatever money he had saved of the wreck—it wasn't much—over here, and settled in Whitechapel in a humble way. That is his history, and we are his grandsons: there is another of us, brother Ezekiel, who hasn't got on so well as we two—you may find him any day in his shop in Wentworth Street. Yet Ezekiel, he does pretty well—pretty well—in his small way. We have a sister, too, but she is in the Argentine Republic with her husband. Also in quite a small way."

Madame Elveda inclined her head, recovering her dignity. "It is many years," she said, "since I was reminded of the family history—my grandfather's brother was a being whose existence was never revealed to me, I assure you. That part

of it is quite new to me, and I had no reason to suspect the existence of this branch of the family. Pray believe so much; and, again, one naturally puts the question, If for forty years we have lived apart, ignorant of each other, why not continue? You say that you want nothing of me. Certainly I want nothing of you."

"One moment. We will come to that immediately. Let us return to the family history. Your grandfather, on the other hand, was a favourite of fortune. Everything, from the very beginning, prospered with him. 'Ah!'—the speaker sighed and rubbed his hands—"it is a beautiful history! It makes one happy only to think of such chances offered and such chances seized. He was always on the other side—against the French. His side sometimes lost their battles, but they paid their contractors. He worked his way up, beginning, like his brother, with a cask of brandy and a cart, as a sutler and a camp-follower. One can see him working his way upwards, taking small sub-contracts, and so getting on. His big job was with the British army in Spain. The French sacked and pillaged, and paid nobody. The British troops took nothing, but paid for everything; and they paid the contractor. Albu supplied them. You will find it written in the books that one Albu found them bacon, beef, pork, and bread; but it is not in the books what Albu made out of it for himself." He laughed softly. "Nobody knows that except you, cousin. Yet everybody knew that he left a very large fortune. He had only one son—your father. Unlike most of us, your father was content with what he had—to be sure it was a good heap—and he left it all to you, his only daughter. You were born about the year 1849 in Paris, which your father preferred to any other place on account of its pleasures. Your father enjoyed life, as a rich man should. He had every right to all the pleasures that money can command. He died in 1869, the year before the War; you see, I know your history pretty well. You came of age in 1870, and you married, being then in Paris, one Emanuel Elveda, also, like yourself, of the Sephardim. You were married in the Synagogue, Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth. He was a young man of great scientific attainments, but he had no money. You thought to rule the house because you had the money: but you were wrong. And as you would not obey him, your husband left you. He went abroad, and is, I suppose, dead. There, cousin, is the whole of your family history—and ours."

"Well, these details are in the main true; at all events, I shall not dispute them. Again, seeing that I have long since cut myself off from any connection with my own People—whom I have left entirely—and seeing you have no personal interests to advance, I am still at a loss to understand why you came."

"We knew beforehand that we should be coldly received. You have separated from us: you have a daughter who has been taught to hate her own People, and you pretend to be of Moorish descent."

"My daughter shall never, if I can help it, belong to a People which keeps its women in subjection."

Mr. Angelo bowed. "Pardon me," he said softly, but with dignity; "but she does belong to that People. You may desert your own folk, but you cannot cast them off. The ties of family cannot be cut asunder. In times of trouble, which never fail to arrive, there will be no one to help you—no one to whom you can turn—but your own People. You can never make friends, real friends, outside your kith and kin. A Frenchman may become the friend of an Englishman, but true friendship between Jew and Christian is impossible."

"Is this what you came to say?"

"It is. You thought that you would have no relations at all; you wished to be quite alone in the world rather than belong to the People; you slipped out of the Synagogue; you thought, because you no longer openly belonged to us, that you had become quite free of us. Well, now you know that you have whole families of cousins. Do not be afraid of them. They will not annoy you in any way, they will not cross your path or place themselves in your way or ask any thing of you. But when you are in doubt or trouble you can remember that you have cousins and you can come to us. You are a woman and alone, and you have a child. When you fall into trouble you can come to us. You are rich: where there is money there are sharks. When they try to rob you, remember that you can come to us. In any case of difficulty or doubt, always remember that we are ready to advise and to protect you."

"There!" said Mr. Sydney Bernard. "That's the meaning of the whole business. My brother offers to advise you as to your investments. It is a most dreadful thing to think of all this money being wasted and lost through its being in the hands of a woman who knows nothing. Take my brother's offer. He won't charge you anything, he won't put your money in any of his own ventures, and he'll double it for you if it was millions. And mind! Not a cent for himself. This is a bonâ-fide offer, all out of his good heart—because you are his cousin. My brother here has got the best heart in the world, and if you have any doubt about his position go and look at his house, as big as this, and crammed with pictures and china and things. Or you should look into his place in Mortimer Street, where you would be astonished. The sight alone would make you feel confidence in him."

"I am much obliged to you both, gentlemen," said Madame, "but really, so far, I have done very well for myself; I want no advice or assistance of any kind. As for placing my affairs in the hands of either of you, may I remind you that you are perfect strangers to me?"

"What he feels," Mr. Bernard continued, "even more than I, is the danger that all this money of yours may be lost. What? You are out of the Synagogue just now, but you'll come back some day and so will your daughter. Better have your money looked after while you can."

"Hard to make; hard to keep; easy to lose," said the Merchant. "Not that I am prepared to take over or to propose the management of your great estates. I only

offer my best advice, if you will allow me to advise. Money has wings."

"Nobody knows this better than ourselves," the man of the Turf continued. "All Jews are gamblers; we can't sit down; we are never contented. We must be speculating, sporting, gambling—it is our life. Here's my brother—well, not content with his big business, he must needs have his theatre and his paper. There's more sport to be got out of a theatre than out of a dozen racecourses. This ought not to make you trust him less, but more. You dabble yourself, no doubt, in something."

Madame inclined her head again, and once more tapped the table with her paper-knife.

"We first heard of you," the Merchant continued, "through my daughter, who was at Newnham with yours; Clara Angelo her name is. She played Esther in the play you had the other night. Oh! I heard all about it. When she talked about Francesca Elveda of course I knew she must be one of our People. Then I made inquiry, and learned that Isabel Albu had married one Emanuel Elveda. So we pieced it all together."

"Clara Angelo?" Madame looked astonished. "Is she your daughter? Why, I thought"—

"Clara does look like a Christian sometimes. Fair hair and blue eyes—yet there's always a something, come to look a little closer. She knows nothing about the cousinship, though—we've told nobody, and we're not going to tell anybody. Clara knows what people she belongs to—why not? But she knows nothing about the Elvedas, and I don't think she knows about the sutler. Yes, Clara is your daughter's friend, and they don't know that they are cousins. Nice girl, my Clara, isn't she? Accomplished girl, well-educated girl, fit for the highest Society—even your own, cousin."

Madame bowed again gravely. Then she rose. The two men rose too.

"I ought to thank you both," she said. "I feel that I ought to take this visit as an act of kindness"—

"We are cousins," said Mr. Angelo; "that means everything."

"You evidently regard me as still a woman of your religion, under the tutelage of men, therefore in need of protection and guidance. I assure you that I need no protection; I am perfectly well able to protect myself. As for my fortune, it is placed in what I consider safety; it has not been disturbed for a great many years, and I do not want to disturb it. I discovered long ago that if I could rescue my child from the disgraceful subjection of women I must leave the People; with this view I have tried to keep from her the origin of our family; she believes herself Moorish, as you know—that is the sole reason of what might appear to you a deception otherwise foolish. When I parted with my husband I parted with the People. I resolved then that I would never acknowledge them again nor would I have any friendship with them. If I could not continue with the man who possessed everything that is noblest in the race, I would no longer continue with the rest. I belong to you no longer. Write me as one dead. I have left your religion."

"Are you, then, a Christian?" The man of the Turf turned upon her fiercely.

She hesitated. "No," she said, "I am not, though I have sometimes been tempted; but I have brought up my daughter in freedom of the Law. She knows nothing about it."

"Is she a Christian?"

"I have never asked her. It is for her to choose any form of faith that best satisfies her soul. I have brought her up, I say, in absolute freedom. She knows no law except the law of brotherly love."

"That is our Law as well, cousin," said the Merchant, gently.

"You have taught her to despise her own People," said the other, roughly.

"What she may have learned from books and papers and the common talk I know not. I have not talked with her about the People at all. If the People are despised by the world, perhaps she despises them—I do not know and I do not care. I have left her to form her own conclusions—her own prejudices, if you please—in this as in everything else. But, indeed, I know not why I should be defending my own conduct or explaining it or allowing you to discuss it. Let this conversation cease."

"One moment!"—the man of the Turf pushed aside his softer brother—"I must and will speak! We are of the same family—the girl belongs to us. I will speak, brother! I say, cousin"—he turned upon Madame with alarming fierceness—"that you have done badly: you have done foolishly. You cannot separate yourself from your own People." Her husband had uttered the same warning twenty years before. "You cannot, you may try, but it is impossible. We are stamped with the seal of the race, so that everybody as we pass along the street may cry out if he likes, 'Jew! Jew! Jew!'" The old fierceness of his race, which has never died out in the Spanish Jew, blazed up in this man. Madame Elveda listened, constrained to listen by his passion. Could one have believed that this quiet-looking, middle-aged person could become suddenly so vehement? "Jew! Jew!" he cried, "they did yell after us in the old days when your grandfather lived in the Venetian Ghetto; but they don't any longer. No, no—tables are turned. They whisper softly after us: 'There goes the Jew, the rich Jew, the clever Jew, the great Jew, the powerful Jew!'"

"Rich and powerful," murmured the Merchant.

"Why, we are marching to the front in everything. Who gets rich in business? The Jew. Everywhere the Jew beats the dull-witted Christian. Who controls the financial world? The Jew."

"The financial world," said the Merchant, "is the whole world."

"Who are the best at everything? The Jews. Your People—the People you despise—you! Before long the whole world will be ours. Until this century we have never had our

chance. Now it has come. And such a time, when the last great triumph of the People is beginning, you choose for teaching your daughter—you!—to despise her own—the conquering race!"

Mr. Aldebert Angelo held up his hand and shook his head. Madame Elveda made no reply at all. The man frightened her with his vehemence. She wanted him to go; she wanted to sit down and think about it. The speaker snorted and went on—

"Call yourself a Moor! Gar-r-r! All the world knows and laughs. Why?"—he took up a hand-glass that lay upon the table, and held it before her face brutally—"what does that tell you? What does it cry aloud? Moor? No; but Jew! Jew! Jew! Jewess! Jewess! Jewess! You to be ashamed of your race? You to hide the truth of her birth from your own daughter? You to make the girl ashamed of her father?"

"Enough said," his brother interposed. "Our cousin will follow her own course. Mean-time, cousin, think over what I have said. My brother is hasty, but he means well, and he is quite right. Now just think a bit; we've called in friendliness. And listen!" He held up a forefinger of admonition. "Overhaul your investments, cousin. If you find any doubtful things, sell out—sell out—sell out. Inquire into your foreign shares—there is danger—there is danger everywhere. Oh! no one knows how riches take wings and fly—all of a sudden—the savings of a century—of generations—the industry of a lifetime—gone—gone—gone! Cousin, take care. Mind—I know—I have heard things—I give you warning. Mind, I say; I have heard things; I speak not lightly when money is in question."

Madame Elveda bowed coldly. She could not find a word of friendliness for her cousins, who wanted nothing of her but came to warn and help her because they were cousins.

Her unwelcome visitors turned and walked out of the room, the man of the Turf first. At the door the merchant stopped and returned.

"Cousin," he said solemnly. "Heed my warning. I say that I have heard things from Paris, where you have cousins on your husband's side and I have correspondents and business friends. Look into your affairs, I entreat you, without delay. What I have heard is but rumour. Only, look into your affairs. Appoint some one to go over and look into things. Good Heavens! Such a noble—such a princely fortune! Cousin, blood is thicker than water. Let us save your fortune—for yourself."

"My affairs—thank you—have been settled for twenty years. My agent has nothing to do but to receive the dividends."

He bowed, spread his hands, shook his head, and walked away.

When the door closed, Madame Elveda took up the hand-glass and looked at her own face in it.

"Yes," she murmured, "the man was right. Jewess!—Jewess!—Jewess! All the world can see. No disguise can change the face. Always the same face!—the same face through all the ages! It is on Egyptian monuments four thousand years old—always the same face—the same stamp upon it. Must Francesca know? Albu, the contractor—the man who supplied bacon—the Jew who sold bacon—to the British army—Albu, the Jew! I have given her a better ancestor, Elveda, the Moor—the statesman—the pretended Catholic. And yet!"—Again she looked at the glass. "Yet all the world—whatever I have pretended—must know—must know"—she hurled the glass into the fireplace, where it broke into a thousand fragments. "Oh! we cannot escape—we cannot escape! All the world can cry out if they like, 'Jewess! Jewess! Jewess!'"

She threw herself into her chair and sat there thinking. The edifice she had been building for twenty years threatened to fall to pieces at a breath. For twenty years she had forgotten that all the world, looking at her face, would recognise her race: she had been shamming. She had forgotten that Francesca, beautiful as she was, had the same seal upon her brow. There is a typical face for every nation: the typical Frenchman, German, Spaniard, Scot, Irishman; but there are Frenchmen who might be Germans, and Scots who might be

Spaniards. Of all white races, the Jew is the only one who can never be mistaken. Of Moorish descent—it was a fine pretence—it did very well for the girl; it touched her romantic side, but one had only to look at her, and the world could cry out, "Jewess! Jewess! Jewess!"

What did her cousin mean by his talk about the People going to rule everything—the conquering race? When a woman shuts herself out of the world, making no intimate friends, wandering about in foreign countries for twenty years alone with her child, not going into society and not conversing with men except as mere acquaintances, she is in danger of intensifying her prejudices. Madame Elveda started with the most violent hatred of the People to whom she belonged and whom she had deserted. They were the oppressors of women,

would talk; some fruit of it would reach Francesca—Francesca! Her mother flamed in the cheek like a school-girl only to think that Francesca should find out the deception—her own mother's deception.

It will be seen that the poor lady had a good deal to think of. On one point, however, she did not think. Her cousin had warned her solemnly about her investments. "Danger was in the air," he said. Alas! her mind was too full of other dangers to think of this.

At five o'clock the old woman, once the nurse, now the faithful retainer, entered the room bearing a tray with tea. Madame often took her afternoon tea in this solitary fashion. Melkah put the tray on the table and looked at her mistress. "You are in trouble?" she asked.

She sat down on the hearth-rug in Oriental fashion, and, throwing her shawl over her head, she waited.

"Melkah," said her mistress, "you remember the old time, before I was married?"

"Surely I remember."

"I wanted, above all things, freedom. In the old religion, with their six hundred laws and their subjection of women, I choked. Then I married, hoping to get freedom that way. But the married state is worse than the single. So my husband and I parted, and I had Francesca."

The old woman nodded. "We had Francesca," she said—"we had the girl."

"Tell me, Melkah—you know what she has been told—does she suspect the truth?"

"No."

"Does she despise—her own People?"

"She does."

"Would it make her unhappy to learn the truth?"

"It would."

"We must always keep the truth from her. We must, Melkah, oh! we must."

Melkah laughed. "The truth is written on your face," she said, speaking like the two cousins, "and on her own. She has only to look in the glass. She calls herself a Moor. Some day she must find out."

Her mistress sat silent.

"It was not well done,"

Melkah went on, with the familiarity of an old servant. "She should have been told the truth from the beginning. Why should she be ashamed? Child of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. She should be proud. We are all taught to be proud of our race from childhood. I was. You were. Yet you have made her despise her People."

Again like the cousins.

"Why do you not marry her? She is twenty-one. In Syria she would now be the mother of three or four lovely children, if the Lord were gracious. It is never well that a girl should remain unmarried. They get fancies in their heads. Demons whisper things and drive them mad. Already the girl tells me she will not marry because she will be free. It is foolishness for a woman to say she will remain free."

"She must please herself."

"There is that young Englishman. He loves her. Why not let him marry her?"

"Francesca must please herself. Melkah, is all my life foolishness? Did I send away my husband in foolishness?"

"It is foolishness," Melkah repeated, "for a woman to say 'I will be the master,' because she is a woman, and therefore the servant of her husband. This is the Law. We cannot escape the Law."

"Oh! the Law—the Law! I thought I had heard enough of the Law."

She sat in silence again for a while. "If Francesca marries," she went on, "should I have to declare her parentage? If I make settlements upon her, must I declare the

truth? If she takes upon her, as she thinks of doing, the public life, and advocates emancipation in public, must the truth be known? Suppose she were successful? Suppose the papers got hold of the Moorish story? Then we should have a contradiction from somebody who remembers Emanuel and knows the circumstances of his marriage. It will be stated in what synagogue we were married. Oh! it would be maddening!"

"Why," said Melkah; "you are not alone in the world. You have cousins—you must have cousins. Every Jew has cousins, and they all know. Emanuel Elveda had cousins, I suppose, and they all know; and the more you are talked about with your riches and your beautiful daughter, the more will they talk, and we cannot cut off our relations. They are born with us and remain with us all our days."

"What shall I do, Melkah? Oh! what shall I do?"

"Tell her the truth; go back to the People; take the foolishness out of her head, and marry her quickly."

"I cannot do any of these things."

"You must. Tell her the truth, or there will be mischief. Let her go back to the People, or there will be mischief. Marry her quickly, or there will be more mischief."

(To be continued.)



She sat down on the hearth-rug in Oriental fashion, and waited.

according to her new lights. She was a renegade, therefore she hated her former cause. Naturally, this prejudice grew by being encouraged in her brain until it became morbid. It was now a disease. People, again, by covering up a thing, hiding it away and never thinking about it, actually learn to forget it, in time—and this, though they must know that the whole world is perfectly aware of it, and talks freely about it. We forget all kinds of little personal humiliations, disappointments, and failures; we forget, if we can, all the unpleasant things, which is the reason why many men are so forgiving in disposition. This lady, by long practice, had clean forgotten and put out of her mind the history of her family, including the origin of her fortune—the Ghetto of Venice, the sutler and camp-follower, the contracts for bacon and beef, and the connection with the Ancient People.

Now she was rudely reminded of it. The cousins said that they were not going to talk—they said so. Who was to prevent their talking? What confidence could be placed in the word of a betting-man and a bric-à-brac seller? Of course they



"A FEATHER IN HIS CAP."

BY A. ROTTA.



THE NYMPH OF THE EDDY.

PARABLES OF A PROVINCE.—V.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

THE NYMPH OF THE EDDY.

It lay in the sharp angle of a wooded shore near Pontiac. When the river was high it had all the temper of a maelstrom, but in the hot summer, when the logs had ceased to run, and the river wallowed idly away to the rapids, it was like a molten mirror which, with the regularity of a pulse, resolved itself into a funnel, as though somewhere beneath there was a blow-hole. It had a look of hunger. Even the children noticed that, and they fed it with many things. What it passed into its rumbling bowels you never saw again. You threw a stick upon the shivering surface, and you saw it travel first slowly, then very swiftly round and round the sides of the funnel, till the throat of the Eddy seemed to open suddenly, and it ran straight down into darkness; and presently the funnel filled up again. It was shadowed by a huge cedar-tree. If you came suddenly into the thicket above it, you stilled with wonder. The place was different from all others on the river. It looked damp, it was so strangely green, the grass and trees showed so juicy; you fancied you could slice the fallen logs through with a penknife. Every sound there carried with a peculiar distinctness, yet the air was almost painfully still. Through this stillness there ran ever a sound, metallic, monotonous, pleasant—a clean *cling-clung, cling-clung*. It never varied, was the river high or low. If you lay down in the mossy grass you were lulled by that sing-song vibration, behind which you heard the low sucking breath of the Eddy. The two sounds belonged to each other, and had a peculiar sympathy of tone. The birds never sang in the place, not because it was gloomy, maybe, but as though not to break in upon other rights.

There was nothing mysterious about that unceasing *cling-clung*; it was merely the ram of a force-pump. If you followed the pipe that led from the ram up the hill you came to a large white house.

Many a summer day, and especially of a morning, a young girl came dancing down to the Eddy to sit beside it. She and it were very good friends: she used to tell it her secrets, and she made up a little song about it—a simple, almost foolish, little song, such as a clever young girl can write—and Laure had been to the convent in Montreal; so she was not a common village maid—

Green, so green, is the cedar-tree,
And green are the mosses under;
Can you hear the things that he says to me?
Do you like them, O Eddy, I wonder?

She had such a soft, trilling voice that you would have thought the song beautiful. She was young—about sixteen—and her hair was so light that it fell about her like spray. But suddenly she ceased to be quite happy. Armand, the Avocat's clerk, was a Protestant, and she had been meeting him at the Eddy secretly. What did she care about the Catechism, or the Curé, or an



An arm ran round her waist and held her fast. . . . "I am cock-robin," she said, with her old gaiety. "There's a girl drowned there."

unblessed marriage, if Armand blessed her? She was afraid of nothing, she would dare anything, while she was certain of him. But the Curé discovered something—she ceased to go to Confession; and, though he was a kind man, he had his duty to do.

There was trouble, and the ways of Laure's people were devious and hard. It was said that she must go to the convent again, and they kept her prisoner in the house. One day they brought her a letter which, they said, was from Armand. It told her that he was going away, and that he had given her up. She had never seen his writing—they had trusted nothing to the village post-office—and she believed that the letter was from him. She had wept so much that tears were all done: her eyes only ached now. At first she thought that she would get away, and go to him, and beg him not to give her up—what does a child know of pride all at once? But the pride came a little to her later, and she tried to think what she must do. While her thoughts went waving to and fro and she could make nothing of them, she heard all the time the long-sighing breath of the Eddy and the *cling-clung* of the force-pump. She never slept, and after a time it grew in her mind that she never would sleep till she went down to the cedar-tree and the Eddy: they seemed always calling her. She had said her "Ave Marias" over and over again, but that seemed to do her no good. Nothing could quiet her, not even the music of the "Twelfth Mass" played on the little reed-organ by the organist of St. Saviour's, when they took her to church against her will, a passive rebel. The next day she was to go to the convent again.

That night she stole from the house into the light of the soft harvest moon, and ran down through the garden, over the road, and into the cedar thicket. She had not heard behind her the footsteps of a man who, night after night, had watched the house, hoping that she would come out. She hastened to the cedar-tree, and looked down into the Eddy. From far up the river there came the plaintive cry of a loon; but she heard no other sound in the night save this and the *cling-clung* of the ram, muffled by fallen branches, and the loud-breathing Eddy which invited her, until an arm ran round her waist and held her fast.

A minute later he said, "You will come; then? And we'll be man and wife very quick!"

"Wait a minute," she said, and she picked up handfuls of leaves and dropped them softly into the funnel of water.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"I am cock-robot," she said, with her old gaiety. "There's a girl drowned there. Eh, but it's true! She was a good Catholic, and unhappy. I'm a heretic now, and happy."

But she said her "Ave Marias" again just the same—being happy, they did her more good. And she says that the Eddy is spiteful to her now. It had counted on a different end to her wooing.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There has been a somewhat lively brush between the Council and Senate of the University College of North Wales at Bangor and the authorities of the University College Hall of Residence for Women Students. The Council called upon the Lady Principal of the hall to apologise to them by Feb. 15, failing which the Council would deprive the hall of its license as a place of residence for women students at the University College. The Lady Principal, Miss Frances E. Hughes, sister of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known Methodist, declined to apologise. The directors of the hall took her side, and held themselves responsible for the internal management. The college authorities complain of certain statements or charges, while the directors maintain that these statements were made in the discharge of her duty as the Lady Principal responsible for twenty-seven women students, to whom she stands *in loco parentis*. Miss Hughes is reported to be as strong a Churchwoman as her brother is a Nonconformist.

There is still a decided feeling among many of the chief supporters of missions in England against the attitude of the Indian Missionary Conference in declining to take action against the drink traffic, the opium traffic, and "legalised vice." The apologists of the missionaries say that they are as much opposed to these things as anyone can be, but that they thought the passing of resolutions lay outside the scope and business of the conference. It is replied that the majority decided to protest, and that it was only when technical objections were raised by those who did not favour the reform agitations that they discovered their own paralysis. It seems pretty certain that the Indian missionaries are, to say the least, exceedingly lukewarm on those subjects, and not at all in touch with their most liberal supporters at home. Hence the large sums given to such enterprises as the China Inland Mission. These are unconnected with churches, and it is thought their work is done with a greater quality of zeal and earnestness. There is no doubt the Anglo-Indian missionary has the faults of the Anglo-Indian layman, but it is, perhaps, unreasonable to expect anything else.

Self-denial weeks have been resorted to by various denominations since they were introduced by the Salvation Army. While they have been more or less successful at first, it does not look as if they are likely to prove a permanent source of income.

The versatile Mr. W. L. Courtney, formerly an Oxford Don, then editor of *Murray's Magazine*, and now a lion of the *Telegraph* and one of Mr. Herkomer's playwrights, has been delivering two lectures, in Mr. Horton's Congregational church at Hampstead, on "The Reality of God." They have been published in a small pamphlet, and are decidedly interesting.

Archdeacon Farrar is, it is said, to give up his connection with the *Review of the Churches*, and his place will be taken by Archdeacon Sinclair, who is already editor of a sixpenny Evangelical magazine called the *Churchman*. Many look to Archdeacon Sinclair as the future leader of the Evangelicals, but in that case they will have to change their course on one or more interesting questions. The Archdeacon believes in the elevating influence of the stage, and is friendly to ceremonial, while refusing to attach spiritual significance to it.

AN HISTORICAL SLIP OF THE PEN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Read anything to me but history, for that must be false," said Sir Robert Walpole, if the anecdote be not as false as history. How erroneous history can be, any one of us may judge who has ever come upon a fragment of his own legend, revealed, perhaps, in the tattle of some American scribbling woman. Then it becomes plain that each of us has a private myth, believed "in literary circles" or elsewhere—a myth not a word of which is true, a romance which, if we were important people like Pope or Mr. Swinburne, would win its way into the history of literature. Lately we beheld the spectacle of Mr. Swinburne contemplating fragments of his own legend, divulged in the memoirs of Mr. W. B. Scott. He was amazed, and his language was plain; but how much plainer and more Elizabethan would be the speech of Queen Elizabeth if she could read history!

To-day I appear in the garb of a penitent, in a shirt painted with flames, like the victim of an *auto de fe*. I have been guilty of adding a bubble or so to "the Mississippi of falsehood," as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it, about Queen Elizabeth. It is rather a long and rather a perplexed story, but the patient reader who plods through it will, at least, understand the value of "history as she is wrote." Moreover, I can make my public amends to Mr. James Gairdner, whom I flippantly accused of "conspiring for Queen Elizabeth." This charge, however, was qualified by the phrase, "in the innocent and Thackerayan sense of the words"—that is, as Thackeray applies them to the defenders of Mary Stuart. I only meant that Mr. Gairdner made as good a case for Elizabeth as he could, just as Mr. Skelton does for Mary. An historian is bound to have an opinion: he will inevitably understand phrases or estimate the value of facts in accordance with that opinion; the phrases may seem to bear another meaning, the facts to possess another value, in the eyes of another writer. As it seems to me now, I interpreted a phrase correctly; Mr. Gairdner, I thought, did so incorrectly. But a discovery of his, while it has won him to my interpretation of the phrase (which he had reasons for understanding in his own way), tends to confirm his view of the facts.

The question essentially was, Did Queen Elizabeth announce to De Quadra, Ambassador of Spain, the death of Amy Robsart four days before the event occurred? The position is this: Lord Dudley, Amy Robsart's husband, was making love to Elizabeth. Amy was living at Cumnor Hall, near Oxford. On Sept. 8, 1560, Amy died of a broken neck, the result of a fall downstairs. Did Elizabeth tell De Quadra on Sept. 4 that Amy "was dead, or nearly so"? I thought that she did; Mr. Gairdner thought that she did not. The grounds for my opinion were these: In Mr. Froude's "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," Vol. VI., p. 417, of the edition of 1870, there is printed Mr. Froude's translation of a letter from the Spanish Ambassador to the Duchess of Parma. The letter is headed "London, Sept. 11." I therefore argued that if the letter was headed in the original as it is in Mr. Froude's translation it was begun on Sept. 11. Error No. 1. The letter is really dated at the end, Mr. Gairdner says, in the *Athenaeum* of Feb. 18. Of course, I knew that, in accordance with modern usage, Mr. Froude might have put the date in what is now the usual place; I employed one saving "if," but not with sufficient enthusiasm. The letter begins by the statement that since De Quadra wrote last "many great and unexpected matters have taken place here." Now, the only events he chronicles are: (1) The Queen has determined, contrary to an earlier statement of hers, not to marry. (2) Cecil, her secretary, has said that he contemplates retiring, because the Queen is so much bound to Lord Robert Dudley, and "they were thinking of poisoning Lord Robert's wife." (3) The Queen has since told De Quadra that Lady Dudley is "dead, or nearly so." Now, if the reader believes that when De Quadra began to write he had this death in his mind, as "a great and unexpected matter," we may find a date for the letter. In the translation of the letter, as given by Mr. Froude, Mr. Gairdner found one or two mistranslations, when he wrote years ago in the first volume of the *Historical Review*. Copies of the letters, in the original Spanish, have been deposited by Mr. Froude in the British Museum. But the chief mistranslation Mr. Gairdner overlooked at that time; he has now detected it, and it alters the whole question. In Mr. Froude's "History" part of the letter runs thus—

"On the 3rd of this month (September) the Queen spoke to me about her marriage with the Archduke. She said she had made up her mind to marry, and that the Archduke was to be the man. She has just now told me drily that she does not intend to marry, and that it cannot be. After my conversation with the Queen, I met the Secretary Cecil," who said that "they were thinking of destroying Lord Robert's wife," by poison. "The day after this conversation, the Queen, on her return from hunting, told me that Lord Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and begged me to say nothing about it."

I supposed that De Quadra's dates were as follows: On Sept. 3 the Queen said she would marry the Archduke. "After this" (still on the 3rd), Cecil spoke of poisoning Lady Dudley. "The day after" (Sept. 4) the Queen

told De Quadra that Lady Dudley was dead; but Lady Dudley did not die till Sept. 8. Mr. Gairdner, on the other hand, held that by "after my conversation with the Queen" De Quadra meant another conversation held some days after—probably after the 8th, when Lady Dudley really was dead. Mr. Gairdner's view of the facts, his opinion that the Queen did not mention Lady Dudley's death till after it occurred, is now made, at least, very probable. For De Quadra did not write "on the 3rd of this month," but on the 3rd of last month, *a tres del pasado*. Mr. Froude, by a slip of the pen, wrote "the 3rd of this month," and so a slur is thrown on the character of Elizabeth by this mere unexpected little accident. For, if the real date had been Sept. 3, then Elizabeth mentioned her rival's death on Sept. 4, four days before it occurred. As long as the words were not known to be erroneous, Mr. Gairdner's interpretation of them did seem to be forced, as I maintained. A sturdy controversialist, on my side, would now face about, and understand "after this" to mean "ever so long after this conversation" of Aug. 3. But I have not the alacrity for this manoeuvre.

We still do not know when De Quadra began the letter which he dated "Sept. 11" at the end of it. To myself it seems that when he writes "*Just now* she has told me that she does not intend to marry" he means "to-day, on the day when I am writing." Then the day when he speaks of "the day after this conversation" of "just now" must be a new day. If Elizabeth told him of her rival's death after it occurred, she cannot have done so earlier than Sept. 9, when Dudley heard of the affair at Windsor. But if De Quadra had the death in his mind as one of "the great and unexpected matters" about which he began to write, the first part of his letter, also, cannot be later than the earliest moment when Elizabeth could have heard of it—namely, Sept. 9. Now observe, in that case he would begin the letter on Sept. 9 at earliest. He speaks of a "just now" (to-day), and later he says "the day after this conversation." That would be Sept. 10 or Sept. 11, so he would be writing of Sept. 10, not as "to-day" or "yesterday," but as "the day after this conversation." Is that a natural way of dating an event? If it is not we must thrust back the dates, much to the peril of Elizabeth's character. Perhaps the best theory, in her interest, is to suppose that the letter was begun on the 8th or 9th, that Elizabeth mentioned the death on the 9th or 10th, and that the words "the day after this conversation" were written on the 11th, when the letter was finished and dated. But in that case, when De Quadra began his letter with a mind to tell of "many great and unexpected matters which have taken place," he did not know of Lady Dudley's death, and "the great and unexpected matters" are merely the Queen's habitual change of mind and Cecil's discontent, "a terrible business," De Quadra says. Everyone must decide for himself whether this is probable, and whether the Queen's change of mind was due to her knowledge that Dudley, being a free man by virtue of his wife's death, might now be her husband.

The subject is involved and difficult, but the real point is the impossibility of relying on printed history, for who could imagine that a slip of Mr. Froude's pen would occur just where it made such a vast difference? In an earlier edition a still more curious slip occurred, detected and corrected in an erratum. Elizabeth spoke to Jones, an emissary from her Ambassador in Paris, about the attempt at Lady Dudley's house; but Mr. Froude, taking on a word which came later in the sentence, originally printed "the attempt at his wife's honour"! What this attempt spoken of by Elizabeth really was, what she meant (for I am acquainted with no other reference to the subject), Mr. Gairdner may, perhaps, elucidate. Apparently, history can only be read in the original manuscripts. De Quadra's original letter may, possibly, indicate where he left off writing on one day and resumed his task on another.

In India, a memorial, signed by many European and native Calcutta mercantile firms and four banks, has been presented to the Viceroy, protesting against the measures urged by the Currency Association as unsound and mischievous, and declaring that it is unnecessary to tamper with the monetary basis on which the prosperity of the country is founded.

In the fifth coursing round for the Waterloo Cup, at the Altcar Meeting, on Friday, Feb. 24, the cup was won by Mr. J. Coke's dog, Character. On the Wednesday, Captain McCalmont's (Mr. P. B. Keatinge's) dog, Full Captain, beat the favourite, Colonel North's Fullerton, the renowned animal which has won such notable victories, but is now proved to be too old for these arduous contests.

A steamer intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich Continental Service was launched from Messrs. Earle's yard at Hull, on Feb. 21. This vessel is a steel twin-screw steamer, 300 ft. in length by 34½ ft. beam, fitted with two separate sets of triple compound engines, which are expected to develop 4500-horse power, the builders having guaranteed a speed, when fully loaded with passengers and cargo, of 17½ knots per hour. The christening ceremony was performed by the Mayoress of Chelmsford, the vessel being named after that town. She is fitted with all the latest improvements for about two hundred first-class passengers, and is intended for the new route to the Continent from Harwich via the Hook of Holland, which is expected to be opened on June 1, in connection with the German railways direct to Berlin.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

The marriage of Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, elect and actual ruler of Bulgaria, to Princess Marie Louise de Bourbon, daughter of Robert, Duke of Parma, and of Maria Pia de Bourbon, Princess of the Two Sicilies, a kinswoman of the imperial family of Austria, is an event that may tend to confirm Prince Ferdinand's position in the favour of the Austrian Court against the protracted hostility of Russia to his assumption of the government of Bulgaria, which has not yet been ratified by any formal act of the European Powers. His Highness, Ferdinand Maximilian Charles Leopold Marie, born at Vienna on Feb. 26, 1861, is the younger son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who was first cousin to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and to the late Prince Albert, Prince Consort of Queen Victoria. The mother of Prince Ferdinand, a widow since 1881, is her Royal Highness Princess Clémentine of Orleans, sister of the French Orleans princes, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier; aunt to the Comte de Paris, being daughter of the late King Louis Philippe; she married Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, at Paris, in 1843. By the Treaty of 1878, at Berlin, after the war between Russia and Turkey, it was arranged that Bulgaria, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, should be an hereditary principality to be vested in a prince

owing to their hatred of the existing Italian Government. The peasants, too, partly from terror and partly from the same motive as the priests, do their best to hide and shield the malefactors. If we add to this the wild and almost inaccessible nature of the mountainous districts of those regions and Sardinia, and the hardy and ferocious temper of the outlaws themselves, it is easily evident why the task undertaken by the Italian Government of putting an end to this nefarious system is arduous in the extreme.

Many wild and picturesque tales are told of the ruses to which the brigands resort in search of their prey. One of their tricks is to capture some peasant, and after nightfall, when the doors and windows are all shut, to bring him to his house and force him to call to his family inside to open the door, which when they have done, of course the robbers become masters of the premises. A Sicilian lady, who had large estates in the neighbourhood of Palermo, used to tell a touching story of an incident of this nature. One night a certain family of peasants heard a voice calling "Lucia, Lucia," under the windows. Now, Lucia was the name of a sister who was dead. They did not know if it was a ghostly visitant or a living being; but fear kept them motionless. When the morning came the gashed and bleeding body of one of the brothers was found behind the house. He had been overtaken by the brigands as he was returning from his work the night before. His captors had insisted on his calling out the name of one of the family, and he had not only called the name of his dead sister but had disguised his

taken up and held to ransom. Tiburzio, on discovering that his captive was too poor and friendless to be lucrative in any way, not only set him free, but made him a present of two new shining silver pieces. Unfortunately, he sent Basile with him as a guide, and the miscreant shot his unlucky charge for the sake of the money. Biagini discovered the crime from finding the money in Basile's pocket, which he recognised. Hence the leader shot Basile, because this unfortunate had taken the liberty of killing without an order from his chief. Ansinni and Menichetti are of quite another calibre. "There is no drowning mark on these fellows, their complexion is perfect gallows." Menichetti is said to have declared that though the police have their eye on them and are waiting to capture them, he and Ansinni had come from Arezzo to Florence, walking by night, and been present at the fêtes on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Victor Emmanuel in the square which bears his name. Ansinni is about forty-five or forty-six years of age, Menichetti about thirty-two. Menichetti is enormously strong. When he was a boy he used to amuse himself with a bull belonging to his father, who was a well-to-do peasant. He could catch the beast by the horns and hold its head against the ground, and then vault over its back in time to escape its fury. One of the most awful acts of vengeance committed by Ansinni was the murder of a peasant named Signorelli, who had warned a certain priest in the vicinity that the "band" intended to rob him. The priest informed the authorities, though Signorelli had besought him not to do so, and



PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE OF PARMA.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

Photo by Schemboche, Florence.

Photo by Karastojanow, Sofia.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

elected by the Bulgarian National Assembly with the approval of the Sultan and with the consent of the Powers which signed that Treaty. In 1887, after the overthrow of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the Bulgarian National Assembly unanimously elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; he then took the oaths to the Constitution, and has since administered the government, notwithstanding the opposition of Russia, being firmly supported by the patriotic Bulgarians, and by his able Prime Minister, M. Stambouloff. We hope that he will maintain his authority in that country, and will have sons and grandsons to succeed to it in future times.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

"There is no such thing—it was all put down long ago." Such, no doubt, is the optimistic exclamation which may salute the heading of this article. But, unfortunately, brigandage in Italy is by no means a thing of the past. Motives of short-sighted economy have of late years induced the Government to suppress the useful and active corps of mounted carabinieri in Sicily, and this rash step was followed by a fresh outbreak, accompanied by all the objectionable features of bygone days. Nor is the mischief confined to Sicily. Viterbo is haunted by a gang of desperadoes who truly seem immortal, for from time to time it is reported in the papers that they are utterly exterminated, and then they crop up again in the next month or year as ungovernable as ever. To Sardinia large detachments of troops, chiefly riflemen (*bersagliere*) have been sent in the hope of quelling the hordes of robbers that infest the hills of this land. One of the features which makes the system hard to deal with, especially in Sicily and the mountain districts of the former kingdom of Naples, is the almost universal sympathy felt by the priests for the brigands,

voice, that the people in the house might be spared the risk of opening the door; thus sacrificing his life for theirs. A certain brigand in the Siena district, who goes by the name of Stoppa, seems to be a kind of Robin Hood, in low life, who helps the needy with the money of which he robs the rich. One story about him runs as follows: A certain peasant, being behindhand with his rent, borrowed the money of the *fattore*, or bailiff, to pay it. This peasant was a good friend to Stoppa, who often called in at his house for food. One evening he found the family in very low spirits, and on asking the reason was told that the money was due which had been borrowed of the *fattore* to pay the rent, and that the unfortunate debtor had not an idea where to look for it. "Is the *fattore* coming for it?" asked Stoppa. "Yes." "When?" "To-morrow." "Where is he going from here?" "Straight home." "All right," said the brigand, "I'll lend you the money," which he did, and the day but one after came back to his friend showing him the money, of which he had relieved the *fattore* as he was on his way home after receiving it from his debtor, the peasant. Another time Stoppa met with a butcher who was returning to his shop after collecting outstanding bills to the amount of a considerable sum of money. Stoppa ordered him to stand and deliver, which he straightway did; then, handing him back a portion of the funds, he told him to go to the nearest village and buy a loaf of bread, a half-flask of wine, and some slices of ham, and to bring them out to the brigand, who declared himself furnishing with hunger. This also he did, half dead with terror. When he came back with the food, the good-natured robber handed him back the rest of his money, and told him to take himself off. Stoppa had a comrade called Biagini, and these two executed summary justice upon a third, named Basile, for having shot an unhappy landscape-painter who had been

soon after left the place. The authorities had made preparations for capturing the robbers, intending to use the priest's hoard as a sort of bait; but the brigands were informed of their intention, which was thereby frustrated. Having discovered that Signorelli had warned the priest, they executed upon him the most cruel vengeance. Entering his house, they bound him and carried him away into the woods, having beforehand deprived him of his only remaining eye. Major Moretti, of the Carbineers, stationed at Rome, undertook to search the woods about Viterbo for traces of the missing Signorelli. He usually dressed like a hunter, carrying a good gun, and was often accompanied by his dog, a well-trained and intelligent animal. One morning the dog, having penetrated into the wood in front of his master, returned carrying in his mouth a piece of raw flesh. After running along the road for a short distance the dog dropped the piece of meat and left it on the ground. His master, curious about the meat that the dog neglected, picked it up and took it back to town with him. Upon examination, it was declared to be part of a human body. The Major immediately conjectured that he had come upon the traces of the unfortunate Signorelli. After keeping the dog for three days without food, it was once more taken to the fatal wood, where, after careful search, the police succeeded in discovering the mangled remains of the doomed man in an advanced stage of decomposition. This occurred in January 1891. The most unpleasant feature about Italian brigandage is the fact that the larger part of the inhabitants of the country are either in league with brigands or too much afraid of them not to appear as if they were. The army is almost helpless against them. It is from their ranks that is largely recruited that horde of emigrants who carry the traditions of the *Mafia* and the *Mala Vita* beyond the sea. Time alone can conquer this evil.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



1. GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS.
2. THE CRUSH.

3. RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.
4. THE PRESENTATION.

5. THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
6. AT HOME.

7. THE HAND.
8. CONGRATULATIONS.

9. THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
10. THE CONVOLUTIONS OF THE TRAIN.

11. SIGNING HER NAME.
12. FINIS.

13. YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.

SOME INCIDENTS OF A DÉBUTANTE'S FIRST DRAWING-ROOM.

LITERATURE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S "ADZUMA."

Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife. A Play in Four Acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.) To judge from the change observable in returned travellers, Japan should be visited by persons of weak or declining imagination, as the Canaries are when physical health runs down. Evidently, there is a contagion of fancy in the air of that lively land—a free intake of gay idealism and blithe romance, which no traveller to China seems to profit by, for example. And where weakness may be strengthened, strength may be increased: which suggests that, just as promising art students are sent to Italy for a year or two, Government should establish an annual grant, sending the most distinguished minor poet of the season to Japan.

Sir Edwin Arnold has been there, and, taking with him a flourishing reputation, has come back in condition to improve upon it. Before he visited the true Flowery Land, the land where not only garden and hill and vale are flowery, but the people and all the five wits of them, he had written a great deal of verse, and his verse had the merit of being finely rhetorical for the most part, often poetical, but seldom poetry. There is nothing to be ashamed of in that. Even in those days, when numbers of young persons are born with glandular secretions of a poetic nature, poets are more rare than merchants who are seven times millionaire; and they may be well content who can boast an unusual competency in rhetoric and rhythm. This was Sir Edwin's case before he learned to sound the soft samisen in the gardens of Japan, and attained to those elevations, those levitations of genius which the climate of the country is so pre-eminently capable of bestowing. He is now much more of the poet; and so many will say after reading "*Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife.*"

"*Adzuma*" is "a true story of the old Japan" cast into a play; a tragic play, very like to Shakspeare's "*Othello*," with the difference that an amber-armed Desdemona, victim to the devilish suggestions and promptings of a Samurai Iago, is killed by her lover; a Japanese nobleman and no Moor, though his name happens to be Morito, and he might have been own brother to Othello. These are coincidences which Sir Edwin Arnold is not responsible for, as we understand. He tells the story as he found it; and though Iago is never out of mind when Sakamune fills the page, nor Othello when Morito Musha Endo speaks, nor Desdemona at any time when *Adzuma* is before us; and though in addition to that the mother of *Adzuma* does recall Emilia, and there is a fisherman who is nothing but Shaksperian and extremely good Shaksperian too (see act iv. scene 3), yet none of these things sensibly abate our interest in the story. We feel that they are parallelisms, not imitations; though it is obvious that when an English author who knows his Shakspeare retells this tale of old Japan, memories of the one may be imported into the other. It is an extremely touching story, rising toward its close to a height of tragedy, an intensity of pathos, that are more often imagined than discovered in the works of our older dramatists. The scenes in which Morito, *Adzuma*, and her mother take part in the fourth act would be entitled to great praise too (and no doubt they would be telling enough on the stage), but for a brutality in the princely Japanese lover which entirely lacks romance. It may be old Nippon brutality, but, if so, it differs little from the modern quality as exhibited in the least refined of Britons. It is certainly grave damage to a scene which, for the rest, is nobly carried off by *Adzuma*, and in a lower degree by her outraged mother. Then comes the scene for the Shaksperian fisherman, cleverly interposed; and then the most striking scene of all: well prepared, well approached, and sweepingly carried through with great power and greater tenderness. Thoroughly dramatic, it is at the same time poetical in a high degree. Strength and sweetness are rarely so well combined in these days. As they stand, one or two brief succeeding scenes are far too bloody for presentation in the theatre—too like the grand effects of the old dramatists when they dealt in tragic terrors. A good deal of the first three acts is also imperfectly fitted for the stage, though not for the same reason. But, save for an accidental drawback, to be mentioned presently, nearly the whole of the fourth act would appeal strongly to the hearts of playgoers, and the culminating scenes irresistibly. What is there presented to eye and ear equally evokes an emotion which art critics would describe as "most valuable": terror, and a warm, indignant pity.

But "*Adzuma*" is not likely to be seen, or, if seen, to succeed, on the British stage, for a reason that tells against the play even in the reading of it: and that is a prejudice of grotesquerie. It is all very well for Sir Edwin Arnold. He was privileged to live a long time in Japan. In daily intercourse with its inhabitants, he got used to them as fellow-creatures: browner and shorter than Germans or than French, livelier than either, and more like their own wondrous dolls than anything conceivable, but yet no more strange than the people of Berlin or Bordeaux. But that is not our case. The Japanese, distinguished as they are known to be for most enviable gifts and faculties, are "little Japs" to the British public. They are stamped as "funny little Japs"—hit off to the life in Mr. Gilbert's "*Mikado*," as performed at the Savoy Theatre. There is no association of them (as there is in the case of Turks and Fair Circassians, for example) with moving sentiment, deep romance, profound tragedy of emotion. It would have been well had Sir Edwin Arnold remembered this in writing his play, for then he would probably have discovered something dangerous in the names of his most august personages ("*Musha Endo*," for one; and "*Watanabe*," which is like a wondering exclamation uttered with an imperfect nasal accent), and have avoided the introduction of comic-looking and unintelligible scraps of Japanese. A lady, describing her visits to the temple to pray for a good husband, exclaims, "Oh, how often I pulled the *tsuna* and struck upon the *dora*!" What the *tsuna* is, or what the *dora*, nobody knows exactly out of the Japanese Legation; and irritable readers will ask themselves why all this mystery of learning should be cast about a bell

and a door-knocker. Such wanton blemishes as these—and they abound—should be removed: at the least, one of them, which plumps in all on a sudden to spoil a really beautiful series of passages. This occurs on page 170; and has all the effect of "Here we are again!" intruded at Desdemona's bedside what time she is at prayer.

"*Adzuma*" is not written in verse. A great part of it is in prose; upon the whole, a wise variation. Not that Sir Edwin Arnold's prose is better workmanship than his verse. Here it is not, certainly; and there are one or two scenes that would be enriched and invigorated by translation from the one to the other. They call for it, from their dramatic importance relatively to the rest of the play, and they are as apt as others for poetic expression. Few dramas written for the closet have so many points of dramatic effect as this. They frequently recur, in some cases very strikingly. The poetic value of the piece rises with the demands of "situation" almost invariably: except in one place, there is no writing so good, judged by any test, as in the great scene of the play. It has its common-places and artificialities (especially in the prose portions), and now and then an echo strikes the ear; but I fancy the bettermost tastes will decide that "*Adzuma*" shows more of real poetic faculty, fewer faults of the kind that poets never commit, than any of Sir Edwin Arnold's previous productions.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

CHINESE STORIES.

In his *Chinese Stories* (Blackwood and Sons) Professor Douglas has given us six excellent comedies in narrative. The Chinese novel of manners, to judge from these specimens, appears to be a perfect comedy, with an adequate groundwork of plot, from which, allowing for the conditions of Chinese society, stirring incidents are evolved with perfect naturalness. These, after keeping the reader in due suspense for a reasonable time, conduct inevitably to a happy dénouement. There is quite a different class of Chinese novelette, the anecdotal, usually founded upon some popular superstition, of which Professor Douglas has given us two specimens and Mr. Giles very many. This depends mainly upon the striking effect of fantastic incident; the examples to which we have access are much briefer than the novels of manners, and make much less demand upon the translator's ingenuity in adapting them to European reading. The translator of the latter must often become the paraphraser, and no doubt, if we could read Professor Douglas's stories in literal versions, we should find the reverse of the old couplet applicable to him—

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

He may have blotted something, but he must have embellished much to make these exotic stories so delightful an English gift-book without compromise of their marked nationality.

Considered as narratives, these tales are admirable, ingenious in invention, skilfully complicated in incident, and unflagging in interest. As pictures of life, their defect is, as Professor Douglas expresses it, to have no half-tones. The good characters, especially young ladies, are very white; the bad very dusky: the only relief to the disagreeableness of the latter is the comic light in which their vices and misdemeanours are usually presented, and the ridiculous dilemmas in which their besetting sins of greediness and cowardice involve them. This character does not apply to "*How a Chinese B.A. was Won*" and "*Le Ming's Marriage*," which compensate for their comparative tameness as tales by the spirited delineation of Chinese competitive examination and Chinese match-making. Neither can "*A Buddhist Story*" and "*A Fickle Widow*" be classed with the remainder. The former is a most amusing illustration of the doctrine of transmigration; the latter is no other than the *geste* of the Matron of Ephesus, told by Petronius Arbiter in the time of Nero, whose travels through all literatures have formed the subject of a special monograph. If the allusion to an Indian Sūtra, at the end, be not an interpolation, this Chinese version, at all events, must be later than Petronius.

Professor Douglas has been most fortunate in the artists who have illustrated his volume so copiously—Mr. Parkinson and Mr. Forestier. The former, in particular, possesses a unique insight into Chinese character, and a power of conveying an idea or a situation by simple outline rivalling that of the Chinese and Japanese artists themselves.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS ON THE STAGE.

Salomé. Drame en Un Acte. Par Oscar Wilde. (London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)—Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play of "*Salomé*," which Madame Bernhardt would have played in London but for the Lord Chamberlain's refusal to license the performance of it, will naturally be approached with some diffidence on that account. And there will also attach to it the suspicion with which a large portion of the public regards any fictional or dramatic treatment of a part of Biblical narrative. It could not with propriety have been played in England—so much is certain. A time may come when both Christian and Agnostic may be able to sit down side by side to listen to an artistic presentation of scenes and characters of sacred history with no *arrière pensée* of sacrilege or irreverence to preclude the appreciation of the playwright's art; but that time is not yet. And since the French authorities, so much less conventional than our own, would not tolerate a drama of which Mahomet was the hero, although his life was treated with all respect, on the ground that the performance would give offence to a large number of believers in him, it is not surprising that in England the spectacle of the daughter of Herodias snatching up the severed head of John the Baptist, and covering the dead mouth with the kisses which the prophet had rejected with loathing during his lifetime, was not permitted. But that is not to say that Mr. Wilde's drama is not to be read in the study. The criterion in such a case seems to us to lie in the following question—Does the author of *malice prepense* seek to bring into ridicule or discredit any person whom the majority of religious people are accustomed to hold in reverence or respect? If he does, then his play ceases to be a drama pure and simple, and becomes a piece of polemics, to be read and answered by those who choose to do so. If he does not, then it seems to

us that there is everything to gain from the possibility of securing a far greater insight into the life and character of the people and times discussed. Certainly Herod becomes a much more definite personality to the reader of Mr. Wilde's play than he is likely to have been before. And we can only say that so far from sacred things being scoffed at, the figure of John the Baptist, as he emerges from his dungeon to denounce the iniquities of the Tetrarch and his wife, or to tell the approaching doom of the former, is a singularly striking and noble one. Of course Herod was a man of vile character, Herodias was a woman of abandoned taste, Salomé was what no doubt the daughter of her mother in those days and those surroundings could not help being. But it is surely no disadvantage to the student of the first surroundings of Christianity to be helped by a dramatic mind to see these people as they were in reality.

Mr. Wilde has taken the liberties with history which are more or less permitted to the poet and the dramatist. He represents Salomé as demanding the head of John, not in consequence of the promptings of her mother, but out of revenge for the refusal of the prophet to make any response to the infatuation which she had experienced for him at the sight of his white, thin body and pale, holy face—no doubt in such striking contrast to the other men whom she was accustomed to see. "*Iokanaan*," the Hebrew name for John which Mr. Wilde uses, had repulsed her kisses while he lived, so she takes advantage of Herod's rash oath to force her kisses upon him dead. And Herod, having with the utmost reluctance kept his word, is seized with such loathing afterwards that he orders Salomé to be killed, and the soldiers crush her beneath their shields. The dungeon is also an old well or cistern on the terrace outside the banquet hall of Herod's palace, whereas we have every reason to believe that John was confined in a fortress at some distance from the capital of Judæa, Tiberias, where Herod undoubtedly held his Court. These, however, are but minor points, the chief one being that Mr. Wilde has written a thrilling little tragedy, giving us a vivid picture of a fragment of that history in which we are all so deeply interested, tracing how the deed of blood which cut off the first Christian martyr may have grown up and developed in the minds of the perpetrators, painting in a few master-strokes a splendid figure of the austere forerunner of Christ, and—in the eyes of many people the most important matter of all—presented us with that peculiar pleasure which comes alone from the contemplation of a work of art duly conceived and skilfully executed.—HENRY NORMAN.

THE POETRY OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

Irish Idylls. By Jane Barlow. (London: Hodder and Stoughton).—To write of the Irish peasantry without an *arrière pensée* of politics or a taint of sentimentalism is to have achieved much. But Miss Jane Barlow, in her "*Irish Idylls*," has done all this and more: she has produced a book as convincing as artistic, wherein the limited everyday life of a remote Irish hamlet is handled with keen human insight, power, and delicacy. There is humour enough and to spare; poverty and pathos walk hand in hand through the pages: but the humour is at no time Adelpian; the pathos never strained or squalid. And here it is, of course, that the work of the artist, as contrasted with the efforts of the literary photographer, is made manifest. Of a necessity much inwoven with landscape and description, the balance of the topographical and the personal is well preserved, and the pest of "poetic" prose kept at a proper distance; while national characteristics are presented in so subtle and yet so straightforward a guise that we are fain to accept them meekly—nay, even with enthusiasm. The Hibernian charm, the warm-hearted improvidence, the ready wit, whereof we have heard so much (and with which we have most of us been so heartily bored), no longer sicklied o'er with the pale cast of the obvious, present themselves, as it were, for the first time in natural wise and unilluminated by the flare of the footlights.

We are now able to realise with patience that there be those who really say "Bedad!" and "Och! murder!" and can even recognise these jaded interjections as spontaneous and non-farcical forms of expression.

Tragedy and comedy play their respective parts bravely in these transcripts from humble life, some of them sombre, some blithe as a pastoral of Theocritus, and others (the best, these) inexpressibly touching. Not all unakin to Mr. Barrie's admirable episode of "the Cloak with Beads" is the incident of the widow McGurk and her unexpected legacy, so pitiously—almost absurdly—slender, so generously expended. Indeed, one of the most salient characteristics shown forth in Miss Barlow's chain of studies is the general spirit of kindness and goodfellowship that exists among these dwellers in the sterile solitudes of moor and bog—solitudes that would impress the ordinary judgment as little less than appalling; the desolation of desolation.

"As for the road, it has determined that the wayfarer shall never lose his sense of the great solitudes through which it is leading him. . . . It runs quite flush with the bog on either side, sometimes edged by a narrow strip of the short, fine sward, where, if the district were inhabited, geese would waddle and graze; but there is nothing to shut out the limitless expanses of earth and sky. Travelling on it, a man may learn that a broad hat-brim is not an altogether despicable screen between his imagination and the insistence of an importunate infinity.

"One autumn season a hapless Neapolitan organ-grinder strayed somehow into these regions, with his monkey clinging round his neck. It is a long time ago, but a generation afterwards people remembered the lost, scared look in the eyes of man and beast. They both fell ill and died in the town down beyond, as if, poor souls, they had not the heart to keep alive in the vast, murky, sunless world revealed to them."

Yet the book is not by any manner of means all gloom, nor, despite the grinding poverty, the pinched, laborious lives described therein, does it produce an effect of unmitigated melancholy. Every element is given its just value with the true artistic impartiality that especially confers distinction on this author, who may fairly claim to have done for Lisconnel almost as much as Mr. Barrie for Thrums, or Thomas Hardy (though in other fashion) for Egdon Heath.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

ART NOTES.

The republication, after an interval of more than half a century, of Mr. Ruskin's essays on "The Poetry of Architecture" (G. Allen, Orpington), is justified by the beauty and interest of the drawings rather than by the value of the criticisms. At the age of eighteen we are inclined to think ourselves infallible, especially in matters

Mr. Burne-Jones is foremost—have expressed the belief that the work of the best period of Greek art, if reproduced on a sufficiently large scale, would be of the greatest use not only to painters, but to students of design. In view of the opinion of such competent authorities it is unnecessary for a layman to speak, and we are further satisfied by the assurance that the selection of the works will be left in the hands of one so well acquainted with the scope and art needs of artists as

the purchase-money for their respective designs. Several attempts have been made to obtain permission to reproduce the designs of the unsuccessful competitors, who are quite willing that the public should be allowed to express its opinion upon the decision of the Mint authorities. The Deputy Master has, however, declined to give his sanction to this course, although he carefully abstains from doing it in terms which will permit the point of proprietorship to be legally decided. This attitude is obviously very unfair to the artists concerned, to whom the payment of £150 is a totally inadequate remuneration for the time and labour and materials employed in preparing their several designs. The State has no right to expect those who are not its actual servants to work for it at less rates than they would for the general public; and to obtain absolute possession of works of art with the avowed determination not to allow them to be seen is a hitherto unknown expenditure of public money. In the case of the rejected designs for the Law Courts, the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum, it was never pretended that the retainers paid to the architects purchased the designs or precluded their subsequent use. Why should a different rule obtain in the case of the designs for the new coinage?

The exhibition of the works of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is scarcely up to the high level of former years, whether looked at from the point of view of living or deceased artists. The five-and-thirty specimens of the works of the latter are presumably chosen to show the varieties of style and treatment through which the art has passed in the hands of German, Dutch, and French etchers, from Albrecht Dürer to Méryon. In these we are invited to consider the characteristics of various masters—composition, quality, style, invention, and distinction—and, although it might have been easy to enforce the lessons conveyed by more than one example, the idea has been cleverly worked out.

With regard to the work by modern artists, we cannot fail to be struck by the strong dividing line which marks the work of the "industrial etchers"—those who provide work exclusively for the publishers—as distinguished from those who seem guided by a higher inspiration. Among the latter are several professional etchers like Mr. W. Strang, Mr. F. Short, M. Storm van Gravesande, and M. Helleu, all of whom have a strong individuality, while among pure amateurs Mr. Heseltine shows the most distinctive sense of atmosphere in his work. Of the less-known etchers, Mr. O. Hall, although he is at times strictly imitative—now of Rembrandt and now of Turner—is perhaps the most noteworthy; but Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Walter Burgess, and Mr. George Gascoigne contribute interesting works which show a considerable mastery of the technique of their art. Mr. Strang, however, stands out in his own peculiar style as by far the most original and strongest worker, but his want of self-restraint, especially when dealing with gruesome subjects, renders him liable to the danger to those who overstep the limit of the sublime.

Undeterred by the neglect into which General di Cesnola's volume has fallen, Dr. Max Ohnefalsch, of Berlin, is about to publish the results of his twelve years' researches and excavations in Cyprus. The title, "Kypros, the Bible, and Homer," indicates the special theory he wishes to sustain; and his excavations seem to point to the island as a sort of connecting link between Semitic beliefs and Homeric myths. The treasures placed at the author's disposal, supplemented by his own sketches and photographs, will make the volume one of unusual interest and attractiveness.

MEMORIAL OF DR. BEANEY.

The late Dr. Beane, who died at Melbourne, Australia, a year or two ago, was a native of Canterbury, in England, and he bequeathed £10,000 to establish a Working-Men's Institute and Library in the city of his birth. On March 1 Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P. for Canterbury, who is largely acquainted and connected with Australia, unveiled a mural monument erected in Canterbury Cathedral to the memory of Dr. Beane. Its design is shown in our Illustration; its style is that of the fifteenth century, which lends itself well to such ornate treatment. The framework is mainly of alabaster, which forms an excellent setting for the appropriate bas-relief of the "Good Samaritan," the medallion, and inscription panel. These are of statuary marble. The two statuettes in the inner niches represent the two patron saints of physicians, Cosmo and Damian; those in the outer niches represent Faith and Hope. This handsome memorial is 10 ft. 6 in. high; it is fixed under the second window from the south entrance of the nave. The sculptor was Mr. James Forsyth, of Finchley Road, Hampstead.



THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND.—BY JOHN RUSKIN.
FROM "THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE."

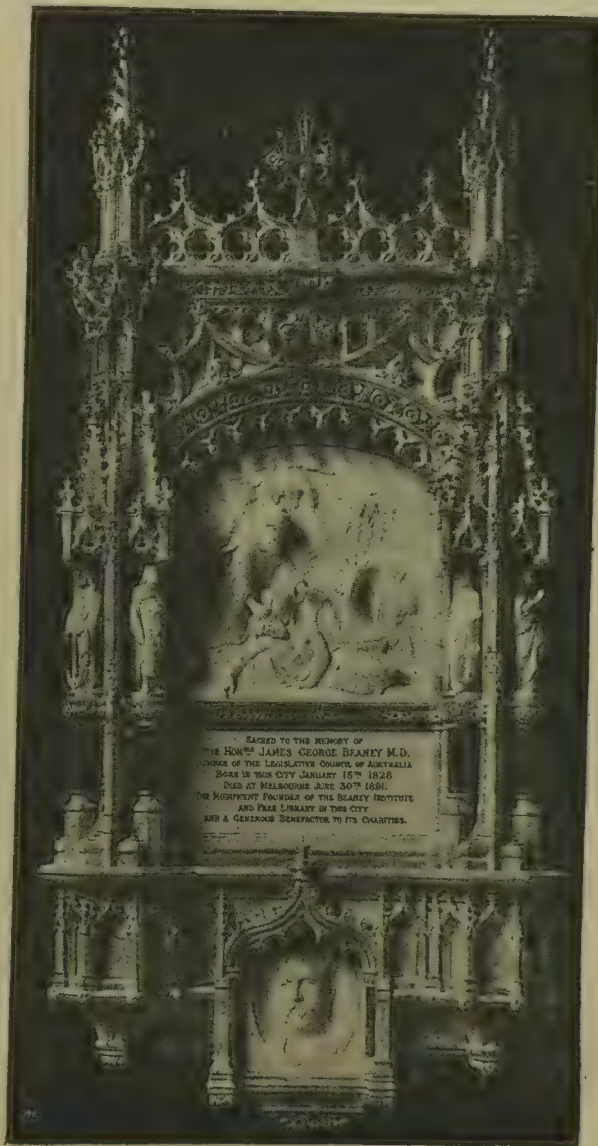
of taste; and Mr. Ruskin was no exception to the rule. But if his dogmatism is strongly marked, it must be admitted that his keenness of observation is not less so. He sees at a glance everything which supports his own foregone conclusion, and sustains by means of clever generalisation his favourite theories. The contrast between the cottage of the English and Italian or French labourer, so greatly to the advantage of the former, is hardly borne out by our more recent knowledge. "The Englishman," he tells us, "will sacrifice everything to comfort, and will not only take great pains to secure it, but he has generally the power to do so: for the English peasant is, on the average, wealthier than the French. The French peasant has no idea of comfort, and therefore makes no effort to secure it." This is a fair sample of the way in which Mr. Ruskin looked at things at the age of eighteen; and perhaps the book in which these impressions and deductions are recorded is all the more valuable for them, for it gives a valuable clue to the author's subsequent career and opinions. The quaint division of the earth's surface into the cultivated or blue country, the wooded or green country, and the hillside or brown country, is one of those charming theories which Mr. Ruskin worked out in greater detail in his more mature works; while his dissertations on the essential features of the mountain and lowland cottages and villas of England and Italy are full of brilliant touches of imagination and refined observation. Of the illustrations, which are reproduced with excellent effect, it is impossible to speak too highly. They show that from the earliest period (1835) Mr. Ruskin was something more than a skilful draughtsman, and that, while capable of reproducing the most minute details, he never lost sight of the poetry of the building he had in view. The two here reproduced show the special features in a building which most attracted Mr. Ruskin's observation. The foreign architect, with an eye to economy as well as beauty, has left us a relic of the past which shows that he had caught the poetry of his art. It is hard to say the same for the builder of the cottage in the highest English village, for although its grey stuccoed walls and stone mullioned windows present a bold face to the weather which rages round Malham Tarn, few would see in its simple lines more than the prose of the mason. The volume is in every way sumptuous, and is a fitting companion to the other works of the author issued from Sunnyside, Orpington.

In connection with Mr. Ruskin's art and theories, it is interesting to give a passing look to the small collection of Mr. Whistler's works on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and to attempt to understand the cause of the critic's hostility to the painter. Mr. Whistler's work not only fulfils most of Mr. Ruskin's conditions of superiority, but in many ways surpasses them, for he has solved the difficult problem of producing the most subtle effect by the most simple means. In his paintings, his pastels, and his etchings—of which specimens are here brought together—Mr. Whistler shows the extraordinary power of expression and effect producible by a few lines. How to attain this art requires the devotion of a lifetime, but no one can examine these works—especially the etchings—without being struck with the simplicity of their composition as well as with the masterfulness of the drawing. It is this latter quality in the treatment of things seen which gives Mr. Whistler his supremacy among his fellows, no less than his perception of the "things unseen," of which he vaguely intimates the existence to the attentive spectator.

Miss J. E. Harrison—well known to all students of Greek archaeology—proposes to turn her special acquaintance with Greek vase-painting to the use of artists. In collaboration with Mr. D. S. MacColl, she is about to issue, at a reasonable price, fifty full-size reproductions of the masterpieces of that special art. The majority of the vases have already been reproduced, but the drawings are practically beyond the reach, if not beyond the ken, of most students, for they appear only in costly publications or in the "Transactions" of learned foreign societies. Many artists—among whom

Mr. MacColl. We might, perhaps, suggest, in connection with the reproduction of works from the original paintings, that recourse might be had to Mr. Van der Weyde's process of "correcting" the vagaries of photography. Most, if not all, vase paintings are upon convex or concave surfaces, and, consequently, the artists in their drawings made certain necessary modifications of the limbs, which, if accurately reproduced on the flat, would destroy in great measure the value of these designs for any but very advanced students. The volume, which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will be issued to subscribers for one guinea—or less than sixpence for each reproduction.

The formal announcement of the issue of the new coinage incidentally raises a question of copyright in works of art which it is important to have settled. When the necessity of withdrawing Sir Edgar Boehm's unfortunate issue was at length recognised, invitations were addressed by the Deputy Master of the Mint to Messrs. Poynter, Brock, Armstead, Thornycroft, and Onslow Ford to send in designs, and a sum of £150 was paid to each competitor for his work. As is known, the selection fell upon those sent in by Messrs. Poynter and Brock. The question, however, now arises whether the £150 was to be regarded as a retaining fee paid to each of the five artists, or as



TABLET IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL TO THE
MEMORY OF DR. BEANEY.



FROM "THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE."



A LESSON IN WASHING.



MAKING A BED.



LAYING AND LIGHTING A FIRE.



A LESSON IN HOUSEWIFERY.



DRYING LESSON, WITH KINDERGARTEN CLOTHES, POSTS, AND PEGS.



IRONING.



WASHING.



MIXING STARCH.



1793.



1893.

FINS DE SIÈCLE IN FASHIONS.

DRAWN BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

That certain oysters develop a green colour, and that this little peculiarity is regarded as a special feature of excellence by connoisseurs in the bivalve, is a fairly familiar fact. It has usually been asserted that the green colour is due to the presence in the oyster of certain low forms of vegetable life—*algæ*, to wit. These lower and microscopic plants, on this theory, took up their abode within the oyster domain, possibly deriving thereby some advantage or other in the universal struggle for existence, in which even the lowest forms of life are compelled to engage. The most recent information, however, which has come to hand regarding green oysters would appear to give a new explanation of the colour and its cause. On the view that the green hue was caused by lower plants, it would be caused, of course, by chlorophyll—that substance to which, everywhere in the vegetable world, the green tint is due. The new idea is that the colour is produced by the development of certain cells or tissues proper to the oyster itself, and that the plant creation has, in reality, no hand in the production of the phenomenon. M. Chatin, in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences, tells us that in the outer parts of the green oyster (by which, I presume, is meant the mantle or general investing skin of the animal lining the shell) he finds a development of certain large cells. These cells exist in all oysters; what it is that favours the presence of the green pigment is not stated in the account from which I quote. Possibly some local cause is responsible for the colour, which may be elaborated from the water or food found in a particular locality.

Curiously enough, from Philadelphia we also receive information regarding colour in the oyster, which is, in its turn, of an interesting nature. Professor Schiedt, in the course of his researches, found that when the right valve (or half) of the shell was removed, and the parts exposed to the light for a period of fourteen days or so, the animal developed colour over the whole surface of the exposed skin (or mantle), and on the upper and exposed side of the gills as well. The colour developed was a dark brown. Then comes a curious fact. The animal attempts, under these circumstances, to replace the lost half of its shell. The mantle, I may remark in passing, is the shell-forming organ. The shell was partly replaced, along with the hinge which joins it to the neighbour-shell. The colour which was produced is believed simply to represent an increased development of that which is seen naturally at the edge of the mantle, exposed to light when the shell is opened. This latter or open condition is the normal one in the oyster, because the animal has to be provided with a continuous supply of water for air and food. What we learn here, as elsewhere, is that light is the great condition for colour-development everywhere in living things. It is the same with the potato as with the oyster, and the same with the oyster as with the man. In the darkness, living structures, ordinarily speaking, receive a check in their development; and the absence of colour is only part and parcel, and in itself an indication, of the want of vitality which ensues when darkness environs the children of life.

There is a very old and respectable controversy, still extant in geological circles, concerning the nature of the oldest known fossil. This is the "Dawn of Life Animalcules," or *Eozoon* of the Laurentian rocks. My late friend Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Sir W. Dawson maintained the truly organic nature of this relic. Other geologists as stoutly asserted that *Eozoon* was only a mineral appearance, and that it had never been associated in any way with living things. It is true, of course, that in some cases mineral matter may and does assume forms as closely imitative of living things as are the frost flowers on the window-pane. Moss-agates illustrate this tendency of mineral matter, most people believing that these agates are fossilised seaweeds or fossil zoophytes. The latest information I have seen regarding this imitation of vitality by inorganic materials is reported from an American source. From the Lake Superior area samples of hæmatite have been described as imitating plant forms in a very striking manner. The fibres of the hæmatite branch out frond-wise, and they are pierced by canals, and, while they begin separately, they coalesce and exhibit certain characteristic lines of growth. It is always an interesting study to note the resemblance to which I have alluded, and it naturally suggests thoughts about the boundary lines between living and non-living matter, which lead us into fields of speculation of a fascinating kind. I suppose, however, the problem how the first organic thing arose, and how vitality first came to invest non-living stuff with its wondrous powers, will remain impervious in the future, as in the past, to all the efforts made by science towards its solution.

I observe that Dr. Poore has been lecturing on London fogs to the Sanitary Institute. He told his audience that the big fog of Christmas 1891 lasted one hundred hours, and killed about 1400 persons. The causes of fog, in Dr. Poore's opinion, are primarily due to saturation of the air, to coldness, and to the absence of wind. Air-stagnation is the cause to which Dr. Poore assigns a high, if not the highest, importance, and he would cure or abolish it by preventing the overcrowding of buildings, and especially of high buildings, and by making wide open streets to favour the development and the permanence of air-currents. This seems, so far, a very sensible suggestion. It is stated that the average daily motion of air is 300 miles; at Greenwich, during the great fog of 1891, it only moved at the rate of forty-nine miles, while in London it was practically stagnant. When analysed, about 33 per cent. of the fog-deposit was seen to be of metallic nature.

This want of space around and between buildings is itself a serious and insidious defect in many of our modern cities. "Back to back" houses are notoriously unhealthy, and it is to be hoped that soon every corporation will forbid their erection. A house is like a man—it needs breathing room; and whether it is fogs or fevers we are considering, it becomes clear that only with a free circulation of air around our dwellings can we hope to abolish the one, or to ward off the other.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F C B (Windsor).—Your problem is one we could not make up our mind about, but on further consideration we think the solution too obvious.
 BERNARD FISON (Enfield).—First impressions are very favourable, and we hope subsequent examination will confirm them.
 W DAVID (Cardiff).—1. B to Q 5th (ch), K moves; 2. K to R 4th, any move; 3. P mates is another way for your problem.
 J F MOON. Problem in three shall appear shortly.
 CHEVALIER DESANGES (Brighton).—Appears correct now, and accepted.
 X HAWKINS (Missouri).—Your three-mover is good, and shall appear as soon as possible.
 J B ALLEN (Exmouth).—Yes, cards are quite admissible. We are sorry we cannot reply by post.
 E L (Enfield).—We will be happy to put you in communication with our correspondent.
 CHARLES Z GRAGGEN (Betne).—Your ingenious emendation would be to the point if the author's solution were what you suppose it to be, but it is something altogether different.
 G W BLYTHE. The game shall have our early attention.
 W P WILLIAMS (Landore).—Problems received with thanks.
 BARON WARDENAY (Moding).—Duly to hand, and shall be examined.
 J W B (Lee).—It must always be a matter of agreement under which rules you play. Our decisions are always based on the laws contained in Staunton's "PHEXIS."

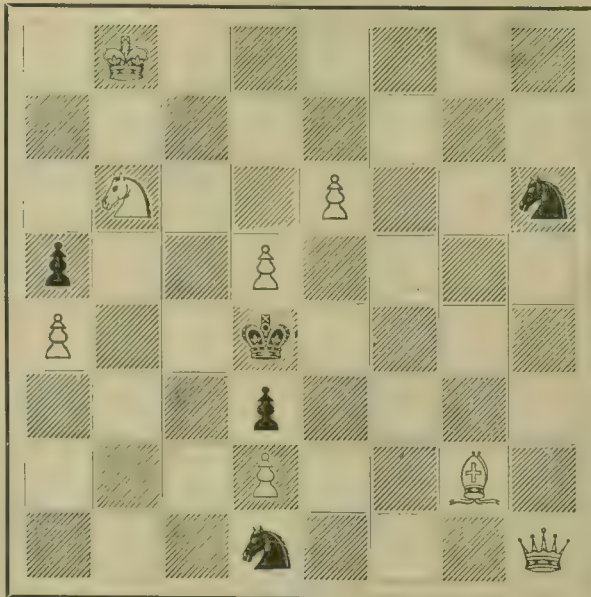
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2547 received from James Clark (Chester) and John Oldworth; of No. 2548 from P de L (Madrid), Marlow, Fritz John (Parada de Gonta), E W Brook, John G Grant, and J H Tamisier (Heppen); of No. 2549 from Shadforth, E W Brook, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J M Kyle Lupton, James Wynn, jun., J Rayner Betts, E G Boys, A W Hamilton-Gell, Weigel, Post-office (Berlin), Bluet, Marlow, Julia Short, and P de L (Madrid).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2550 received from T G (Ware), E G Boys, T Roberts, J Coad, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Bluet, R Worters (Canterbury), W R B (Plymouth), A Newman, E Morris (Waterford), E E H, E Bygott (Sandbach), Sorrento (Dawlish), Alpha, C E Perugini, J Meale (Mattishall), Clophill, Victorino Aoiz y del Frago, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W R Raillem, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), F J Knight, J Dixon, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), William Guy, jun. (Johnstone), Martin F, S B Tallantyre, James Winn, Shadforth, J M Kyle Lupton, Hereward, Charles Burnett, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Julia Short, W Wright, Dr F St, J C Ireland, H B Hurford, G Joicey, H S Brandreth, J F Moon, W P Hind, and R H Brooks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2549.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. P to Kt 4th P takes Kt
 2. Q to Q B 7th Any move
 3. Mates
 This problem can also be solved by 1. R to B 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2552.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played between MESSRS. GOLMAYO, G. LOPEZ, and E. OSTOLAZA, on the one side, and MESSRS. LASKER, E. CONILL, and E. HERRERA on the other.
 (Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE (Golmayo, &c.)	BLACK (Lasker, &c.)	WHITE (Golmayo, &c.)	BLACK (Lasker, &c.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Q to K 4th, and also opening the way for Q to B 3rd, &c.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd		
This move is now generally preferred to B to B 4th.			
5. Kt to Q B 3rd			
Not so good as B to Q 3rd, which enables White to castle very quickly.			
6.	B to Kt 5th		
7. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		
8. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd		
9. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th		
10. B to K Kt 5th	Castles		
11. B takes Kt	B to Q B 4th		
12. Q to Q 3rd	P takes B		
13. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 5th		
For attack and defence Kt to R 4th seems more to the point, but, if he has time, Kt to Kt 3rd and B 5th are good moves in prospect.			
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Q sq		
15. P to K B 4th	R to Kt sq		
Apparently to prevent Black playing			

CHESS IN HAVANA.

Game played between HERR LASKER and SENOR VASQUEZ.
 (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Herr L.)	BLACK (Sen. V.)	WHITE (Herr L.)	BLACK (Sen. V.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt takes P	B to Q B 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	14. Castles (K R)	Castles
3. P to Q B 4th	B to B 4th	15. B takes B	Kt takes B
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. K R to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd
The usual and better move is P to K 3rd. Now White obtains at once some little attack.			
5. P takes P	Kt takes P	17. Kt to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd
6. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	18. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd
7. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt sq	19. Kt to B 5th	Q to K sq
8. P to K 4th	B to Q 2nd	20. R to K sq	
All these moves leave Black in a very confined position. White having already a manifest superiority.			
9. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th	21. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th
10. B to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	22. Q to K R 3rd	B takes R
11. B takes Kt	P takes B	23. K to R sq	B takes P (ch)
12. B to Kt 5th	P takes P		Resigns

On Feb. 18 the City of London Club played its annual matches with the Universities, sending a team to each city. The results were not quite in accordance with expectation, as Cambridge was beaten and Oxford managed to draw. The respective scores were: City, 7; Cambridge, 5; and City, 5; Oxford, 5.

A match was played at Oliphant's on Friday, Feb. 17, between the Brixton and the Athenæum Chess Clubs, with the result that the former won with a score of 5½ to 4½.

The Metropolitan Chess Club have paid Mr. Skipworth the compliment of asking him to captain their strong team of 120 in a match against the Ludgate Circus Chess Club on March 18 next.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Ibsen's plays have at least the merit of making partisans. Abuse is a true test of real power, as well as praise. As there is no shadow without substance to throw it, so there is no artist heartily abused and hated who has not some originality and impressiveness to account for the angry feeling that he arouses. There is one quality in Ibsen's writings that I find only in the masters of the art of depicting human nature, whether they write for stage representation or for the printer. It is the sincerity and earnestness of the effort to look at life and its conditions and incidents from the woman's point of view. This I find conspicuous in Shakespeare, in Fielding, and even in Richardson, and to-day in the few men who are true voices, and not echoes of prejudice and convention. It is the most remarkable characteristic of three men otherwise diverse—George Meredith, Zola, and Ibsen. While the common writer of the other sex contents himself with declaring the heart of woman to be an insoluble mystery, or else gives a grotesque inadequate presentment of a woman feeling and acting as a being of quite other "passions and affections" from those of her male complement and likeness, these great men are able, by virtue of an intense sympathy and a fearless honesty of vision and intention, to come very near the actuality. I am writing a paragraph where I want to write an essay, but as an illustration I may refer to one point only that struck me with wonder as I heard it in the extremely interesting and intelligent rendering of "The Master Builder" being given by Miss Elizabeth Robins and Mr. Herbert Waring at the Trafalgar Square Theatre. Solness, in explaining the price at which his artistic success has been reached, tells Hilda that his wife (childless by the fire that made his fortune) pays the chief score: "For Aline, too, was a born builder; she had a right to build the lives and souls of little children, and it has been denied her." I have said it before: the cruellest of every-day tragedies is in that regard, but the recognition of it lies at the quick of the mother's consciousness of her own chief joy, and how should a man find it out? It is in these shafts of thought and gleams of light into silent places that the power of Ibsen dwells.

I notice that a contemporary declines to take the refusal of the Princess of Wales to have her travelling dresses stiffened as proving her Royal Highness's resolve to endeavour to check the crinolined style, because a yachting dress would be particularly inconvenient in this fashion. "As well say," observes the writer, "that because the Prince of Wales does not have tails to his yachting coats he objects to tails altogether." Alas, the cases are different! Women will insist on carrying their slavery to a passing fashion into their whole life. The fact that a given style is singularly unsuitable for particular circumstances does not prevent its being worn in those circumstances by most women. Seven yards of thick cloth round the bottom of a skirt makes a dress most unsuitable for walking in, but we already have tailors making such skirts for women foolish enough to allow it.

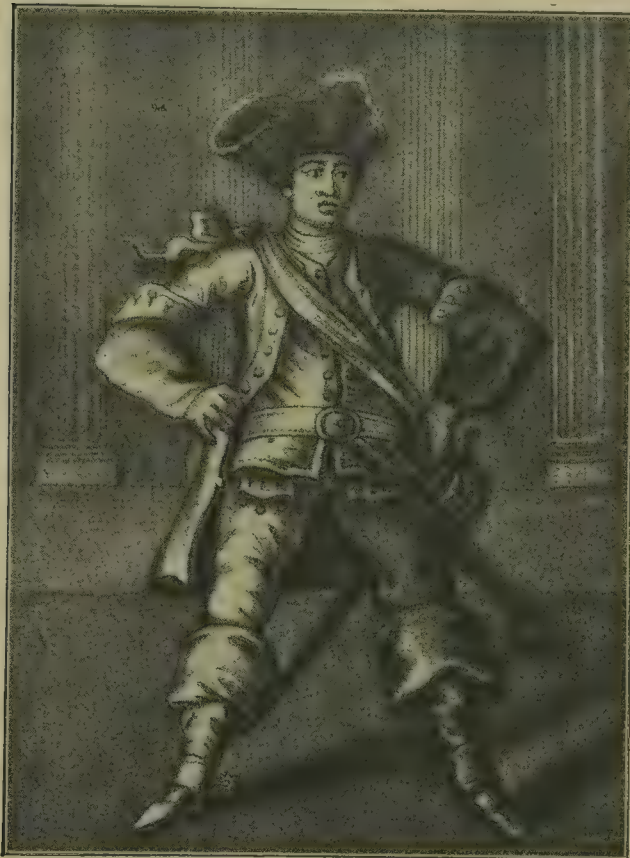
There seems to be a settled conviction among those in a position to know that something more awful than crinoline is impending over us—namely, that dreaded disease, cholera. Apropos, there is a little connection between the two things. In India, where cholera is to some extent a chronically existent malady, the importance of keeping the lower part of the body very warm is fully established, so much so that most people while travelling there wear a flannel band round the loins on purpose to help to ward off this danger. Now, crinoline will act in exactly the reverse way from such a belt; it will specially expose the wearer to chills, and therefore to risk of this appalling kind. We may still hope, however, that this prevision of evil of a coming epidemic will not be realised. It must be eight or ten years ago that the then Chairman of the Asylums Board, Sir E. Currie, told me that the authorities had reason to fear an outburst of cholera during the summer then coming, and were quietly making all preparations to meet it; but it never arrived. Let us hope it will not do so now. In public affairs, as well as in our own private apprehensions, we find that the dark clouds which we stand and watch gathering with our hearts full of anxiety will often pass by unbroken. Many of our blackest hours are spent in anticipating horrors that never are realised; our dull ears cannot hear truly the heralds of either our coming calamity or joy.

Meantime, Princess Christian's committee is enrolling the names of nurses willing to undertake cholera cases, and has just issued a memorandum on the fees which, in the committee's judgment, such nurses should be paid. They are such as to strike terror into the minds of people of small means, and will prevent professional aid being sought by the large class who have to meet all the obligations of life on two or three hundred a year or less. The committee say that the minimum fee is to be two and a-half guineas a week, and that two weeks' fees must be paid if the nurse stay only one week; also her entire outfit is to be effectually disinfected at the patient's expense, and the cost of her travelling, laundry, and "liberal diet" provided. These terms mean that the services of one of this committee's nurses will not be obtainable for a week at a less cost than eight to ten pounds. I do not for a moment say that the terms are too high for the remuneration of women who are going to risk their lives in attending to a loathsome contagious disease; but I know that such terms are prohibitory to people of poorer middle-class position; and I would suggest to the committee that some organisation should be brought into the matter without delay. Doctors do not charge the families of millionaires and of bank clerks at the same rate; they accommodate their fees to the means of their patient as roughly estimated by the rent of the house in which he lives. This fact may not be generally known, but it is a fact. Thus, the high fees of the wealthy allow the doctor to attend the poorer at more moderate rates; and surely Princess Christian's committee ought to arrange something of the same for nursing. Let the duke, the great brewer, or the rich merchant pay ten times as much as the shopkeeper or the clerk. Let the nurses' services be distributed so that each has her fair share of the patients of the wealthier classes and also of those in the humbler homes where the bitter struggle for genteel existence is carried on. The really poor will, of course, be otherwise provided for.

HOW THE OLD ACTORS DRESSED "SHAKSPERE."

III.

In the next generation, of which the leading actors were successively Barton Booth and James Quin, it is not probable that any change took place in costume, saving such slight modifications as were necessary to bring Hamlet, Macbeth, and the others well abreast of the fashion of the day. The period affords us, however, a very interesting print, which shows how classical characters were appareled at the time. I have seen it stated that on the Shaksperian stage Roman and Greek heroes were clad in doublet and hose, but I doubt if this is accurate. Certainly, very soon after the Restoration, Pepys saw the play of "Heraclius" dressed in "garments like Romans very well," and described how "at the drawing up of the curtain there was the finest scene of the Emperor, and his people about him, standing in their fixed and different postures in their Roman habits, above all that ever I saw at any of the theatres." I suppose the garments resembled the military tunic rather than the *toga*, which, I believe, did not find its way to the stage till a much later period. The print to which I have referred is the portrait of



THEOPHILUS CIBBER AS ANTIENT PISTOL.

Quin as Coriolanus (probably in Thomson's version of the play), which is reproduced on this page. Quin was notoriously careless in his dress, but the print probably represents fairly enough the method of dressing a classical hero during the stage career of that very conservative player. Starting at the actor's feet, we see that he wears buskins, proper for tragedy; that his breeches seem to be tight-fitting and to fasten under the knee—reminding us of the lines in a poem entitled "The Stage," published in 1713:

Hung on the self-same peg, in union rest
Young Tarquin's trousers and Lucretia's vest;
that his principal garment is an elaborately embroidered tunic of no country or period, with spreading skirts, apparently artificially stiffened; and that his head is decorated with a huge flowing peruke. Such a get-up irresistibly suggests Pope's lines on Booth's Cato:

Booth enters. Hark, the universal peal!
But has he spoken?—Not a syllable.
What shook the stage and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered hair.

The drawing also gives an excellent idea of the tremendous plume of feathers which was the necessary headgear of heroes from the time of Shakspeare to that of Garrick—a fashion which Addison reprobates in the forty-second *Spectator*, and to which Pope alludes in the lines:

'Such is the shout, the long-applauded note,
At Quin's high plume or Oldfield's petticoat.

I am inclined to think that, while the chief character in classical plays rigged himself out in the fancy costume which our print shows, the subordinate actors wore a simpler tunic, somewhat resembling the *lorica* of the Romans. This is shown in a print by



QUIN AS CORIOLANUS.

Du Guernier of Booth as Cato. Cato wears the flowered gown which Pope has immortalised; but Lucius, Portius, and Juba wear tunics such as I have indicated.

The next two actors whose method of dressing I propose to glance at belong strictly to the Garrick period, but, as both had made their reputations before Garrick's appearance, it may be convenient to consider them here.



MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK.

The first of them is Theophilus Cibber, the disreputable son of old Colley, of whom we have a portrait as Pistol, the only Shaksperian character in which he won distinction. It will be seen that there is no archæology in his costume, which, from his jack-boots to his cocked hat, is three centuries too modern for the boastful Antient.

In Charles Macklin, the other player whom we now consider, we meet the earliest actor who had any views on



MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK.—AFTER THE PICTURE BY J. BOYNE.

costume, or who made any attempt to reform it. In all theatrical matters Macklin was a reformer. His reputation was first made by his rescuing the character of Shylock from the list of comic parts; and playing it seriously; and in connection with this famous attempt we have some interesting information on costume. He dressed Shylock in a loose black gown, a peaked beard, and a red hat. What costume Dogget, the greatest actor who had played the Jew as a comedy part, wore, I do not know, but it must have been strikingly different, for Macklin's dress excited universal attention. No less a man than Pope showed special interest in it. Macklin tells how, a few days after his great "hit," he met the poet at Lord Bolingbroke's. Many questions were asked about the getting up of the play, and Pope "particularly asked him why he wore a red hat, and he answered, Because he had read that Jews in Italy, particularly in Venice, wore hats of that colour. 'And pray, Mr. Macklin,' said Pope, 'do players in general take such pains?'—'I do not know, Sir, that they do; but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best information.'" Our Illustration shows clearly his "get-up," which is very effective theatrically. It also



MACKLIN AS MACBETH.

shows with equal clearness the small effect that his struggles after accuracy had on his fellow-actors. Mrs. Pope, who is the Portia, for our picture shows the old actor in his last years, is dressed in an English lawyer's robes, with a regular legal wig and bands; the Duke of Venice is appareled in all respects as an English judge; while Antonio and the others wear the ordinary costumes of gentlemen of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Our smaller print shows Robert Sayer's impression of Macklin's costume.

In 1744 Macklin produced "Othello," when he announced that the chief character would be "new-dressed after the custom of his country." Up to this time, and, indeed, for long after it, Othello wore an English officer's uniform; and I suppose Macklin's idea was that he should be clad in Venetian costume. He is also credited with the desire to reform Iago's "make-up," and is stated to have held that it was absurd to dress the Ancient in such a way as to show obviously that he was a villain. He suggested that, as Cassio and Iago belonged to the same regiment, they ought to wear the same uniform. Macbeth was another character which felt Macklin's reforming hand. We have seen in our last article that in Betterton's day the guilty Thane was dressed as a military officer of that period, and we shall see next week that the same principle was followed by Garrick. But Macklin "saw the absurdity of exhibiting a Scotch character, existing many years before the Norman Conquest, in this manner, and, therefore, very properly abandoned it for the old Caledonian habit." Unfortunately, Macklin's performance was not as good as his theory. He had an ungainly figure and lacked dignity altogether, so that when he appeared in his Caledonian habit the audience thought he resembled rather a Highlander at a snuff-shop door than the victorious Thane of Glamis. This reform he only attempted in his last years, and our Illustration shows that at some stage of his career he wore a nondescript fancy costume of the most inappropriate nature.

ROBERT W. LOWE.

THE RUSSIAN ISLAND MONASTERY OF SOLOVETSK, IN THE WHITE SEA.

Tourists in Northern Russia, or those yachtsmen, of whom there are few, or steam-boat passengers, who go round the North Cape of Lapland, may visit the port of Archangel, at the upper extremity of the White Sea. This sea was first visited by an English mercantile expedition in 1553, and an English trading factory was then established near Archangel. The Holy Islands, with the monastery of Solovetsk, at the entrance to the Gulf of Onega, may have a special interest for Englishmen, for in the summer of 1854

are about to enter. Facing us is the principal church, together with the dwelling-place of his Holiness the Archimandrite, and the cloisters and cells of the monks, all of which are surrounded by a massive fortress-like wall. There are none of the usual accompaniments of a port—custom-house, soldiers, police, or hotel-toters. The almost incessant sound of bells, with the cries of sea-birds, and the sight of monks, in their long garments, hurrying to and fro, remind us that this is peculiar ground. A good-sized room, plainly furnished, but spacious and airy, is allotted to the visitor in the guest-house. He is waited upon by a brother of the lower order: the monks are good to strangers, and give all the information they can.

In the centre of the chief court is a stone pagoda, containing a pile of bombs, souvenirs of the visit of the English cruisers in 1854, and on the wall one reads the orthodox version of the affair, stating that the preservation of the monastery and its inhabitants was nothing more or less than a miracle. No doubt much may be said on both sides.

Our correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the photographs and description, was courteously received by his Holiness the Archimandrite. He proceeded to inspect the churches, in one of which are the tombs of the two saints who founded the monastery. The interiors of the churches are much decorated, and display some rude mural pictures; one illustrating the parable of the beam and mote; another representing a death-bed watched by an angel with a very insignificant list of good deeds, and by an imp, on the other side, reading, with spectacles on his nose, an enormous roll of paper, the record of sins. The jewel-room, where the crosses, vestments,

canonised abbots, began to grow in reputation, wealth, and power. It received valuable gifts from the Czar Ivan the Terrible, who presented the sacerdotal vestments, adorned with pearls, and the gold reliquary, enriched with many precious stones. There is also, in the museum of the sacristy



CHIEF GATE OF THE MONASTERY.

here, a collection of military banners, and of ancient weapons and armour worn by Muscovite heroes of the old wars against the Tartars and the Poles. The Cathedral Church of the Transfiguration, originally of wood, rebuilt of stone in 1558, that of the Assumption, and that of St. Nicholas Thaumaturgus date from the sixteenth century. These and the adjoining chapels, with the monastery, are enclosed by a massive granite wall, 3000 ft. in circumference, with round and square towers, making a complete fortress. It was stoutly defended by the monks, during nine years from 1667, in an ecclesiastical revolt and war of resistance to the revised liturgy imposed by the Patriarch Nikon. After the capture of the monastery a large number of the monks were put to death. Solovetsk was visited by Peter the Great and his son Alexis in 1702. It afterwards became a place of imprisonment for political offenders. The monastery is visited by over ten thousand religious pilgrims every year.

The town of Archangel, for the sake of the old settlement of the English Muscovy Company, which has an interesting history, merits some attention. But except its curious old cathedral and some relics of Peter the Great, there is nothing



ARCHIMANDRITE OF THE MONASTERY.

very particular to attract visitors, after the curiosities of Solovetsk and the beauties of the Holy Isles. Perhaps from its very quaintness and old-fashionedness, its historical associations, and its remoteness, being six hundred miles or more from any railway station, Archangel might be considered worth a visit. Only let the traveller remember that these regions of Northern Russia are exceedingly hot during the summer, and mosquitoes are apt to be very troublesome.



SHRINES OF THE FOUNDERS IN THE MONASTERY CHURCH.

two British cruisers, the Brisk and the Miranda, attacked and bombarded the monastery, with the result that they were utterly unable to reduce it to surrender. Steamers belonging to the monastery ply frequently between Archangel and Solovetsk during the navigation season, for the purpose of conveying the hosts of devout pilgrims who flock to those celebrated shrines from all parts of the empire. As one lands on the substantially built quay, one sees, to the left, the capacious "guest-house," of the Transfiguration: to the right is a good-sized wooden building, which was formerly the guest-house, but, having been sadly riddled by English bombs, has given place to the more modern stone building which we

and other paraphernalia of ritual are kept under glass cases, is worthy of examination; so are the various workshops, bakehouses, and other industries of the monks, the forges, dairies, shipyards, and docks. There are beautiful drives about the islands, with pretty white churches here and there, crowning the wooded hills, with the clear water of lakes at their base; the roads, too, are exceedingly good, and the route everywhere is pretty, with a luxuriance of vegetation and a wealth of wild flowers that one would not look for in the middle of the White Sea.

The monastery of Solovetsk was founded in 1429 by St. Sabbatheus, and from 1442, under St. Zosimus, another of its



SOLOVETSK, WITH THE GUEST-HOUSE AND THE PRINCIPAL CHURCH.

AN ARTISTIC CATALOGUE.

"There is no reason in the nature of things why art should not be a legitimate assistance to the advertiser. Life, with its worry and weariness, its disappointments and disillusion, is not so gracious a thing that we can afford to do without any of the aids to cheerfulness which art can give us. Most of us spend perforce an appreciable number of minutes every day in looking at advertisements; and if we can have them made artistic, so much the better. By a curious contradiction the 'least artistic' of all advertisements have hitherto been the catalogues of furniture-makers, with their rough woodcuts of 'upholsterers' darlings' and 'other hideous' mobiliary productions. Now, Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, whose



reputation as designers of artistic furniture is beyond assail, are showing a more excellent way. They have just issued a large and handsome oblong volume of designs for furniture and house decorations, which is so tastefully bound, so well printed, and so lavishly and artistically illustrated, that it would well beseech a place upon the shelves of any library. The large illustrations are exceedingly well printed in colotype, while the smaller ones are very soft and delicate half-toned blocks which, in execution and printing, would do credit to an illustrated paper. Pictures of tasteful interiors are always attractive, and in this catalogue we get a great variety of them in all styles of furniture and decoration. It is a handsome and even a sumptuous catalogue, as far removed as it is possible for anything to be from a mere trade price-list."—*St. James's Gazette.*

HAMPTON and SONS will shortly publish a BOOK of DESIGNS and COMPLETE FURNISHING CATALOGUE,

which, being composed entirely of high-class photographic reproductions of a carefully selected and representative collection of their FURNITURE, IN THE VARIOUS STYLES NOW MOST IN DEMAND, will surpass in every respect anything of the kind yet produced.

The print accompanying this announcement is a photographic reproduction of the cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 13 in. by 10 in.

To all those about to Furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON and SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference.

The first edition is limited in number, and copies will be lent in the order of application.

PALL MALL EAST and COCKSPUR STREET, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W. Works: Belvedere Road, S.E.

Mappin & Webb's Sterling Silver Plate.



Handsome Crystal Cut Glass Claret Jug, with massive Sterling Silver Mounts, £11 11s.

Illustrated
Price-Lists
Post Free.

Goods sent on
Approval to the
Country.



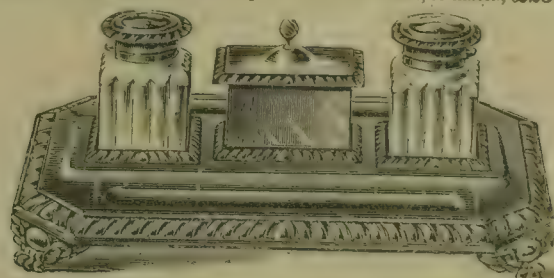
Registered Design.
Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45.
2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25



Richly Chased 3-handled Sterling Silver Tankard on Ebonised Block, Gilt inside, 3 pints. Sterling Silver, £14 10s.



Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service, Ebony Handle and Knob to Teapot, which holds Five Cups, £17.



Sterling Silver Inkstand, rich Gadroon Mounts.
10 inches, £15 10s. 12 inches, £19 10s.



Sterling Silver Plates, rich Leopard Pattern Pattern, Pierced and Engraved, very handsome.
8 inches .. £10 0s. 11 inches .. £27 10s.
10 " .. 14 14s. 16 " .. 36 10s.
12 " .. 19 10s. 18 " .. 48 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W., LONDON.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

MUSIC.

The Duke of Fife has reason to feel gratified at the brilliant success which attended the recent anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians. As with every annual gathering connected with a charitable institution, a great deal depends upon the personality of the individual who acts as president, and the crowded banquet held at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole on Feb. 25 offered a marked contrast to the appearance of the small apartment when the musicians dined there for the first time, twelve months before. The R.S.M. is pretty fortunate as a rule in its chairmen, and it has had its fair share of support in this direction from the members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales presided in 1874; the Duke of Edinburgh in 1872; the Duke of Connaught in 1881; Prince Christian in 1870; and the Duke of Cambridge so long ago as 1865. The late Duke of Cambridge (her Majesty's uncle) was an ardent supporter of this society, and he presided over its anniversaries no fewer than five times between 1839 and 1850, the year of his death. It is a curious fact that only three musicians—namely, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. Santley—have received the honour of an invitation to take the chair, at any rate, during the past fifty-six years. On the other hand, a surprising number of legal luminaries have shown their sympathy with the cause of music in this particular way. Thus, the present Lord Chief Justice filled the post of president in 1866, twelve years before it was occupied by his illustrious predecessor, Sir Alexander Cockburn. The present Lord Chancellor acted as chairman in 1884, and Mr. Justice Chitty in 1886; while last year Mr. Meadows White, Q.C., the society's honorary counsel, filled the same distinguished place. The Duke of Fife made an excellent speech the other night. Without attempting to enter into technicalities he hit the right nail upon the head in his demonstration that the English were not an unmusical race; and he evoked a hearty laugh by his allusion to that great national instrument "so dear to Caledonia," which had the power of making their foemen fly. Moreover, his Grace's appeal for subscriptions was made with such earnestness and effect that the list read out by the treasurer reached a highly satisfactory amount.

The series of orchestral concerts given in London by Sir Charles Hallé, during the winters of 1891 and 1892 both resulted in such heavy pecuniary loss that there seemed to be small inducement for the veteran musician to repeat his experiment. Nor has he done so, except to the extent of a single concert, given at St. James's Hall on Feb. 22; and this, curiously enough, attracted the largest audience that has ever listened to the Manchester band in the Metropolis, not forgetting the concert at which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present two years ago. The programme was undeniably attractive. The only question is whether an equally strong one could always be relied upon to draw an assemblage of similar dimensions, and that we feel inclined to doubt. So, probably, does Sir Charles Hallé. Once, or

even twice, a year the Manchester band may prove a "draw" here, but, if experience is to be trusted, that is about the limit. Opinions have differed as to the precise merit displayed by this famous orchestra on the occasion above referred to, and we confess ourselves unable to confirm the statement that the performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony was marred by numerous slips and blemishes, or that the rendering of Dvorák's suite in D was not so crisp and neat as when it was given here last year. We consider that the Manchester men were at their best this time, and their execution of the overture to "Der Freischütz" was simply a triumph of ensemble playing. Lady Hallé and Herr Julius Klengel both did splendidly in Brahms's double concerto in A minor; Mr. Santley was in capital form; and a new mezzo-soprano, Mdlle. Landi, delighted connoisseurs by the beauty of her voice and the refined charm of her style in Berlioz's song, "La Captive."

Two clever and highly promising English pupils of Dr. Joachim have recently made their débuts in the London concert-room. We refer to Mr. C. Rawdon Briggs, who played for the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society at St. James's Hall on Feb. 21, and Miss Mary Cardew, who on Feb. 25 made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace. Both the young artists played works by their master's great admirer and friend, Max Bruch, and we were particularly struck by Mr. Rawdon Briggs's elegant phrasing of the well-known Romance, a composition replete with melodic grace and passion, the beauty of which the player fully revealed. He has a broad, resonant tone, and the sound musicianly style of the Joachim school. Miss Cardew was more overcome by nervousness than her fellow-student, and did not shine to equal advantage as regards purity of intonation in her rendering of the first of Bruch's three violin concertos. At the same time, she displayed a technique beyond reproach; her bold, free use of the bowing-arm, and a command of the art of "double-stopping" are such as few girl-violinists possess, and these qualities were thrown into a still more favourable light in Bach's "Chaconne," which formed Miss Cardew's solo piece later in the programme. Altogether she made a remarkably favourable impression, and her future career will be watched with decided interest. At the same concert Mr. Manns introduced to Sydenham music-lovers Dvorák's noble symphony in G, No. 4—a vastly finer work in its way than the pianoforte quartet in E flat, Op. 87, by the same composer, which Dr. Joachim brought forward at the Monday "Pop" two days later.

The Rev. Charles Wareing Bardsley, who has just resigned the vicarage of Ulverston on account of ill-health, belongs to an essentially clerical family. The son of the late Rev. Canon Bardsley, of Manchester, he was one of seven who all took holy orders, the present Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. John Wareing Bardsley) being among the number. There is probably no name better known in the north of England than that of Bardsley. The mill-hands of Yorkshire and Lancashire learnt to honour the name of

Bardsley in days when Sadler and Fielden were working hard for the operatives of the north. Sympathy with the masses has always been a marked characteristic of the family. The artisan and the labourer know it at Bradford, at Liverpool, at Huddersfield, and at Ulverston, at all of which places the Bardsleys have from time to time ministered. The retiring Vicar of Ulverston will, it is understood, reside at Oxford. He has a facile pen, and has given many useful and interesting books to the public, and now that he is no longer able to endure the strain of parochial life we may hope that his literary efforts may become more extensive.

Later arrivals of useful annual publications have to be chronicled. Indispensable and interesting is "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Harrison), as of yore, recalling the able services of the late Sir Bernard Burke in this direction. For the thirty-third year in succession we have Mr. Edward Walford's admirable "County Families" (Chatto and Windus), compiled with his usual care. The same publishers issue Mr. Walford's "Windsor Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," which is very clearly arranged. Then, too, every public man has reason to feel indebted for Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), which is capably brought up to date by its able editor. From Messrs. Kelly and Co. we receive the "Royal Blue-Book," which is so welcome to those in (and out of) "society." That laboriously compiled work "The Statesman's Year-Book" for 1893 (Macmillan) once more does credit to Mr. J. Scott Keltie, and also to the printers who have so accurately turned out this useful book.

Decorative art in the household interior and furniture has made great and sure progress during the past quarter of a century. Its present achievements form an attractive study in the handsome book, a large oblong volume, adorned with fifty colotype plates, some beautifully coloured, of porcelain and tapestry, and more than two thousand half-tone engravings; forming the illustrative catalogue issued by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East and Cockspur Street, whose show-rooms there, supplied by their own factories in Belvedere Road, Lambeth, are notable among similar establishments in London. Taste is both educated and gratified by the inspection of these drawings, which have also much value in the way of historical instruction; aiding to recognise, for example, the characteristic styles of the Italian and Flemish and French Renaissance, of the English Elizabethan, the Queen Anne, the Louis XV. and the Louis XVI. periods, with the designs of Chippendale, Adams, and other artistic furniture-makers, and with recent modern adaptations or improvements. Such matters are certainly worthy of acquaintance for a knowledge of the domestic life of our ancestors. Many details of practical convenience, as well as the perception of grace and beauty, may also be learnt from this work, the contents of which are too multifarious for a general description, coming down to articles of modest price, but good and serviceable, proving that the simplest things of common use may be so formed as not to offend the eye.

A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD!

Testimonial from Madame ALBANI.

I have been using Géraudel's Pastilles for some time, and can testify to their being most efficacious for cough or irritation of the throat.

There is no doubt of their being of great service to singers.

I am,

Yours very faithfully,



Géraudel's Pastilles act by inhalation and Absorption directly upon the Respiratory Organs.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, AND OTHER

AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS.

They effectually replace all pills, syrups, &c., which only irritate the stomach, without reaching the seat of the disease.

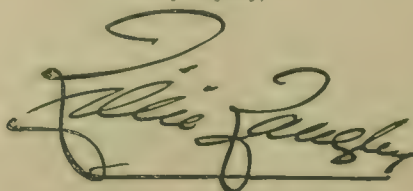
THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway pine tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and can be used by old and young, at all hours, without danger or inconvenience.

Testimonial from Mrs. LANGTRY.

Your Pastilles for the throat and voice have been tried by me, and I am happy to testify to their beneficial results.

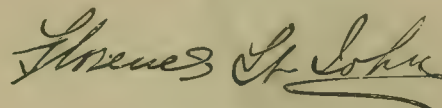
Yours faithfully,




Testimonial from Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

I have pleasure in informing you that I have tried your Pastilles with great success, and, although suffering from a very bad cold, they gave me such relief that I was enabled to continue my performance without interruption. I can thoroughly recommend them for strengthening and clearing the voice.

Yours very truly,



Géraudel's Pastilles act by Inhalation and Absorption directly upon the Respiratory Organs.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, AND OTHER

AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, CHEST, AND LUNGS.

They effectually replace all pills, syrups, &c., which only irritate the stomach, without reaching the seat of the disease.

THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES, slowly dissolved in the mouth, give off a soothing and healing vapour of pine tar, which is thus breathed in upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Admirable in voice affections, and are used constantly by all whose vocal organs have any unusual strain to undergo.

Testimonial from Madame MELBA.

I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.

Yours faithfully,



IF YOU COUGH TAKE GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.
SPRING. (In the Press.)

SPRING. New Song by George Henschel.
 "May, without overstatement of the case, be written down an absolute inspiration, so enchanting are its gracious phrases and so sweet its ringing bird-music. Lying only within the singer's range, it was sung by Miss Florence in a manner that fell nothing short of absolute perfection."—Daily Telegraph.
 2s. net.—Boosey and Co.

STEPHEN ADAMS'S NEW SONGS.

A DIEU, MARIE. Words by Weatherly.

THE HOLY CITY. Words by Weatherly.

THE BLACKTHORN. Words by Weatherly.
 2s. each, net.

J. L. MOLLOY'S NEW SONGS.

THE CARNIVAL. Words by Molloy.

LOVE COMES TO ALL. Words by Molloy and Weatherly.

THE RAVEN. Words by A. C. Jewitt.
 2s. each, net.

HOPE TEMPLE'S NEW SONGS.

RORY, DARLIN'. Words by Weatherly.

LOVE'S NOCTURNE. Words by Weatherly.

IF I MUST LOVE. Words by F. E. Langbridge.
 2s. each, net.

FREDERICK BEVAN'S NEW SONGS.

THE SILVER PATH. Words by Percy Pinkerton.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE. Words by A. P. Graves.
 2s. each, net.

FRANCO LEONI'S NEW SONGS.

THE LOVER'S LULLABY. Words by Mark Ambient.

ALL FOR THE BEST. Words by Clifton Bingham.
 2s. each, net.

COWEN'S NEW SONG.

NEVER A ROSE. Words by Clifton Bingham.
 2s. net.

SCOTT GATTY'S NEW SONGS.

THE SHEEPFOLD

A FOND KISS.
 2s. each, net.

STANFORD'S NEW SONG.

THE OLD NAVY.
 2s. net.

BEHREND'S NEW SONG.

CROSSING THE BAR.
 2s. net.

LIZA LEHMANN'S NEW SONG.

COME DANCE THE ROMAICA.
 2s. net.—Boosey and Co.

STANDARD SONGS:

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

MONA.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

THE GIFT.

THE FLIGHT OF AGES.

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

HOME, DEARIE, HOME.

THOUGHTS AND TEARS.

THE DEATHLESS ARMY.
 2s. each net.—Boosey and Co.

NEW WALTZES

NIOBE. By Ernest Bucalossi.

LOUISIANA. By William H. Squire.

SOUVENIR DE MADRID. By Daisy Sopwith.
 2s. each, net.—Boosey and Co.

MA MIE ROSETTE. Romantic Opera, in two acts, from the French of Preval and Liorat. The English version written by George Dance, the music by PAUL LACOME and IVAN CARYLL. Complete with words, 6s. net. Complete for Pianoforte, 3s. net. (In the press.) Full particulars of Dance Music, &c., on application. Boosey and Co., 235, Regent Street.

TWELVE SONGS for CHILDREN, arranged for one or two voices by Maude Valeris White. Price 2s. 6d. in paper cover; 4s. cloth. No school should be without this charming little volume.—Boosey and Co.

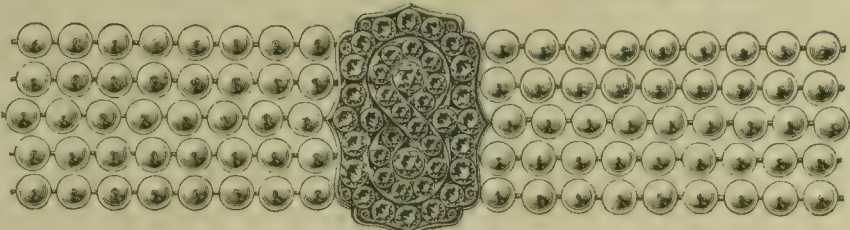
SONGS from the ORATORIOS (Royal Edition). Forty-nine favourite airs from celebrated oratorios, selected and edited by Myles B. Foster. Paper cover, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 4s. net.—Boosey and Co.

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY'S POPULAR PLANTATION SONGS. Price 1s. each, or in volumes at 2s. net. List of contents gratis.—Boosey and Co.

THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS. Price 1s. each. 122 Numbers of this Popular Series are now published. Full particulars on application. Boosey and Co.

To be had of every Musicseller in the United Kingdom.
THE DIAMOND MUSIC BOOKS. Demy 4to, price 6d. each. List of Contents post free. Boosey and Co., 235, Regent Street, London; and 3, East 14th Street, New York.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY
 WORKSHOPS: PARIS and LONDON.
 Spécialité: The "Orient" Pearls. Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



THE VERY FASHIONABLE NEW "COLLAR-NECKLET."
 Five Rows of Finest "Orient" Pearls, mounted with handsome Diamond Clasp and Three Diamond Slides, set à jour. Prices ranging from £5 5s.
 85, New Bond St., W. 248, Regent St., W. 43, Burlington Arcade, W.
 Near Marshall and Snelgrove's. Near Oxford Circus. N.B.—The Company's only Address in the Arcade.

TO PREVENT INFLUENZA, COLDS, CHILLS, & WINTER ILLS,



USE **BOVRIL** FREELY.



"ALWAYS FAIR."

Beetham's Glycerine Cucumber

is the Most Perfect Preparation for Preserving and Beautifying THE SKIN ever produced.
 ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c., IS ALMOST MAGICAL, and by its use THE SKIN is rendered SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE, and preserved from all the ill-effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER. No Lady who values her COMPLEXION should be without it at this Season of the Year. If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments, it will be found DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING. For the NURSERY it is INVALUABLE, as it is PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
 Beware of Injurious Imitations.
 BOTTLES, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all CHEMISTS and PERFUMERS.
 Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM and SON, CHELSEA, LONDON.**

DREAM MEMORIES (Lindsay Lennox).

MR. IVER M'KAY'S Grand New Song.

DREAM MEMORIES (Lindsay Lennox).
 Another immense success by the composer of the celebrated song, "Love's Golden Dream." Mr. Iver M'Kay will produce this grand new song, for the fifth time, at the Crystal Palace, March 4; sixth time, Kensington, March 7; seventh time, Albert Hall, March 17; eighth time, Shewsbury, March 21.

DREAM MEMORIES.—The "Musical Standard" says of this song: "We predict that during the coming months the ear-haunting and delightful themes of 'Dream Memories' will rivet the attention of thousands, and charm them too."

DREAM MEMORIES.

MADAME MARIE ROZE'S Great Success.
 Published in four keys, E flat (B to D), F (C to E), G (D to F), A (E to G). Post free 2s. net.
 London: The London Music Publishing Company, Limited, 7, Great Marlborough Street, W.

DREAM MEMORIES WALTZ. By THEO. BONNEUR. Splendidly illustrated. This most charming waltz has become the success of the season and the rage of London. Performed with overwhelming applause at all the Exhibitions, Promenades, Concerts, &c. 2s. net. Band and military parts now ready.—London Music Publishing Company, Limited, 7, Great Marlborough Street, W.

PIANOS for 15s. per month on the Three Years System. Carriage Free. Tunings Free. Becomes the property of the hirer if the payments are kept up. The cheapest and best house for Pianos on Sale, Hire, or the Three Years System.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. SUPPLY BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, and BECHSTEIN COTTAGE and GRAND PIANOFORTES on SALE HIRE, or the THREE YEARS SYSTEM at lower rates than any other house in London. Second-hand Pianos from £15 to £100.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The Executive Council of the Imperial Institute hereby give notice that there are only likely to be two more Elections of Fellows prior to the opening of the Institute by Her Majesty the Queen in May next, the last election taking place about March 31. Full particulars will be forwarded on application, either personally or by letter, to the Offices, Imperial Institute, London, S.W. F. A. ABEL, Secretary.

M O N T E C A R L O.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

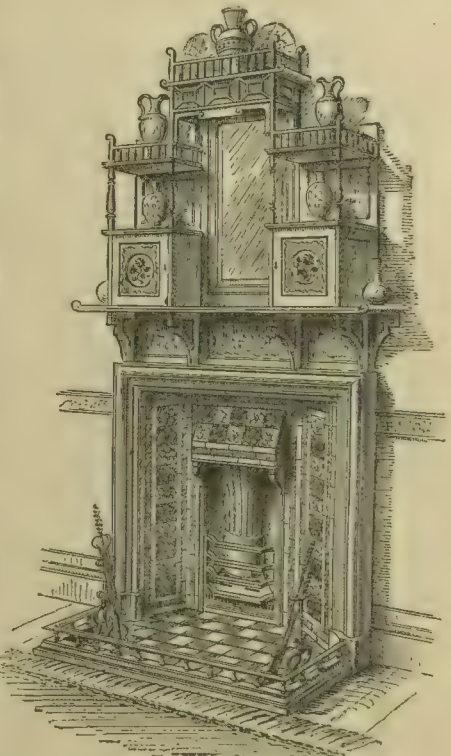
Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

BARNARD, BISHOP, & BARNARDS (LIMITED).



Original Manufacturers of the Celebrated

SLOW COMBUSTION
 OR
NORWICH STOVES,
 Carved Wood Mantels, Curbs, &c.

Those desirous of counteracting the enormous advances now being made in the prices of Coal should adopt these celebrated Stoves, which have been proved to effect a saving in fuel over the ordinary form of grate of from 25 to 30 per cent., and have stood the test of twenty years' experience. They may be seen in action at our London Show Rooms. See Correspondence in Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 22, 1892.

Superbly Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, will be sent free on application.

Inventors and Original Manufacturers of Galvanised Wire Netting for Garden, Park, and Farm.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS:

91, 93, & 95, QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
 MANUFACTORY: NORFOLK IRON WORKS, NORWICH.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 27, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7, 1891), of Mr. John Lane, late of Grove House, Highgate, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 20 by Robert Amor, William Palmer and Walter Edward Moore, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £167,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, and the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution; £500 each to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park), the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary (Margate), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney Heath), the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum (Snarresbrook), and the Bishop of London's Fund; £300 to St. Pancras Almshouses; £150 to the Incumbent of St. Ann's Church, Brookfield, Highgate, to be applied by him and the churchwardens for the benefit of the said church or school; £500 to be invested, and the dividends distributed by the rector and churchwardens among the poor inhabitants of North Molton, Devon; a similar legacy of £500, the dividends to be distributed in like manner among the poor of the parish of St. Anne's, Limehouse—all free of legacy duty; and numerous legacies to his own and his late wife's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his special legatees, in proportion to the amount of their legacies, including nephews in Australia, late wife's relatives, and others.

The will (dated June 28, 1884), with two codicils (dated July 14 and Dec. 24) following, of Mr. Thomas Buck, late of Brinkburn, Stamford Hill, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Feb. 14 by William John Bruty and John Tarry, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; £500 each to the Warehousemen and Clerks' School, Caterham; the Commercial Travellers' Society, Philpot Lane; the Benevolent Fund of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain; and the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; and legacies to executors and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in trust, for his children living at his decease, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 30 and Dec. 25, 1892) of Mr. Bartle John Laurie Frere, late of 28, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and 46, Bedford Square, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on Feb. 18, by Mrs. Adelaide Ellen Frere, the widow, Laurie Frere, the son, George Edgar Frere, the nephew, and George William Royce, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £117,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, an annuity of £1200, all his personal effects, except plate, pictures, and books, and a carved oak mantelpiece in the study at Twyford to his wife, and he confirms to her the effects belonging to her before her marriage and given

to her since; his plate, pictures, and books to his wife, for life, and then to his three children; £1000 and £300 per annum during the life of his wife to each of his three children; £1000 to his nephew, the Rev. William John Frere; and £200 each to his executors, Mr. G. E. Frere and Mr. G. W. Rowe. At the death of his wife he leaves £17,000, upon trust, for each of his children, Margaret, Esther, and Laurie. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son absolutely.

The Irish probate of the will (dated March 26, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 21, 1890), of Mr. Robert Smyth, late of St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, and Knocksinna, in the county of Dublin, merchant, who died on Dec. 27, granted to Gerald Seymour Fayle and Ion Herbert Smyth, the son, the acting executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £150 and all the household furniture and effects, horses, and carriages at his residence, to his wife; he also gives her an annuity of £150, in addition to two annuities of £50 each secured to her by her marriage settlement. There are various provisions and legacies in favour of his other children, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Edward Weber Smyth.

The will (dated April 13, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 6, 1888), of Major-General Frederick Conybeare, retired R.A., late of Heronden, Shortlands, Kent, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 18 by the Rev. John William Edward Conybeare, the nephew, Mrs. Amy Georgina Hore, the daughter, and Henry Arthur Hallett, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his two daughters, Ellen Margaret and Amy Georgina.

The will (dated April 19, 1888), with two codicils (dated April 19, 1888, and Dec. 5, 1892), of Mr. Ferdinand Gates, late of Gatewycke, Steyning, Sussex, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 15 by Mrs. Ellen Kate Gates, the widow, Ferdinand Chasemore Gates, the son, and Philip Chasemore Gates, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator gives £200 to his wife; and £2000 and all the property he is entitled to in right of his wife, under the will of her late father, Thomas Hammond Davis, upon trust, for his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three children, Ferdinand Chasemore, Harriet, and Ellen Mary.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Andrews, late of East Molesey, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Feb. 9 by Herbert Andrews, the son, Walker George de Forges Garland, and Major John Francis Bellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator gives £1000, upon trust,

for his granddaughter, Mary Eveline Lennard Andrews; some freehold shop property upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Marion Flockton Bellis; £3000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Marion Violet Bellis; his household furniture and effects to his daughter, Mrs. Agnes Maria Garland, she paying to each of her brothers, Herbert and Frederick, £200; £100 to his brother Francis Henry; and legacies to female servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third each to his children Herbert, Frederick, and Agnes Maria.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 12, 1890), of Mr. Henry Roger Wilson, late of Ravenscote Lawn, Cheltenham, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Jan. 25 by Charles Paget Carmichael and Rowland Ticehurst, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £800 to each of his five nephews, George John, Roger Williamson, Henry Charles, Thomas Davenport, and John Vaughan, the sons of his late brother Thomas George Wilson; £1100 each to the three daughters of his said late brother; £1100 each to the two daughters of his sister Eliza Davenport; and several other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said five nephews equally.

The will of Mr. Robert Owen White, J.P., late of 180, Cromwell Road, Kensington, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Feb. 1 by Owen Willmer White and Charles Percival White, M.B., the sons, and Henry Selve Leonard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,774.

The will of his Honour Judge (James) Mackonochie, Judge of County Courts, Circuit 55, late of Wantage, Berks, and the Inner Temple, who died on Dec. 19, at Bournemouth, was proved on Feb. 17 by Mrs. Emma Mackonochie, the widow, and the Rev. James Alison Mackonochie, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3881.

The inquiry at the Mansion House into the charges of fraud and embezzlement in the management of "Barker's Bank," in the City, was interrupted on Feb. 22 by the suicide of one of the defendants, Mr. Hilton Cassenet Barker. The hearing of the case against his brother, Mr. William Barker, was therefore adjourned.

The Bow Street police magistrate, on Feb. 23, committed Mr. James William Hobbs, builder and contractor, Horace Granville Wright, solicitor, and Mr. George Newman, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court for extensive frauds, embezzlements, forgeries, and obtaining money on false pretences, in the operations of the Liberator Building Society and the allied companies, with which Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour was connected. Bail was refused to Mr. Hobbs.

Twenty Highest Awards.

PEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER



MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE



PRINCE OF WALES.

Pears' Soap

I have found it
matchless for the
hands and complexion

Lucina Pathe



Since using Pears'
Soap I have discarded
all others.

Ellie Langtry

For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from
redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the
finest Soap in the world.

M. Fortescue

LIPTON'S TEAS

Direct from the Tea Garden to the Tea Pot.
No Middlemen's Profits to Pay.

RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT.

1/- and 1/4 per lb.

THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE

1/7 per lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS SOLD WEEKLY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on Application.

A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

LIPTON,
TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER,
CEYLON.

LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, & PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella; which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea land in Ceylon.

Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo.

Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo.

Indian Offices: 5, Lyon's Range, Calcutta. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Armenian Ghaut, Calcutta.

GENERAL OFFICES:

BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.,

AND BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



**COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.**

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1896: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each Bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.



Can you cut new bread—really new—into thin slices? No, you cannot with an ordinary knife,

but with THAT WONDERFUL

Christy Bread Knife

it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. Send Two Shillings and Sixpence, and try one.

It is equally good for new bread, stale bread, and cake—namely, indispensable. It is not a machine, but a knife, sharpened exactly like any other knife, only not a quarter as often. To slice bread thin for making sandwiches it is perfection; you can cut thin slices just as well as you can thick ones.

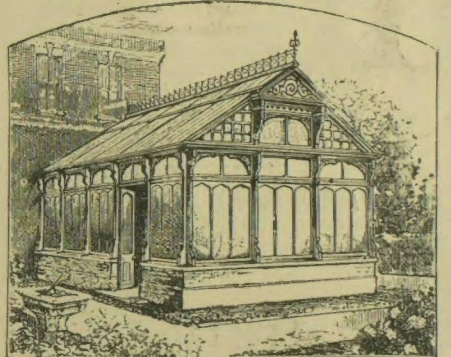
Made of FINEST STEEL. Price 2s. 6d. by post.
Size—14 inches by 2½ inches.

CHRISTY KNIFE COMPANY, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

DOESN'T LOOK as if it would cut bread?
NO? But it will, and make no crumbs.

COLEMAN'S WINCARNIS, or LIEBIG'S
EXTRACT OF MEAT and MALT WINE.—Sold everywhere.—A 2s. 9d. bottle of this celebrated wine sent free by Parcel Post for 33 stamps. Over 2000 testimonials received from Medical Men.—COLEMAN and CO., Limited, Norwich.

BOULTON & PAUL,
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.



EVERY DESCRIPTION of HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS and APPLIANCES.
Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special Appointment.

By Appointment  to Her Majesty.

MOURNING.

Messrs. JAY'S Experienced Assistants and Dress-Fitters attend by desire at any Address in TOWN or COUNTRY.

They take with them DRESSES, MANTLES, and MILLINERY, besides PATTERNS of MATERIALS, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the Warehouse.

REASONABLE ESTIMATES are also given for HOUSEHOLD MOURNING.

JAY'S
MOURNING HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER, BART.

The Rev. Canon Paget, who was chaplain to the late

Mr. Robert Wilson, a distinguished journalist, who had been on the literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and latterly on the *Daily Chronicle*, aged forty-six.

1000

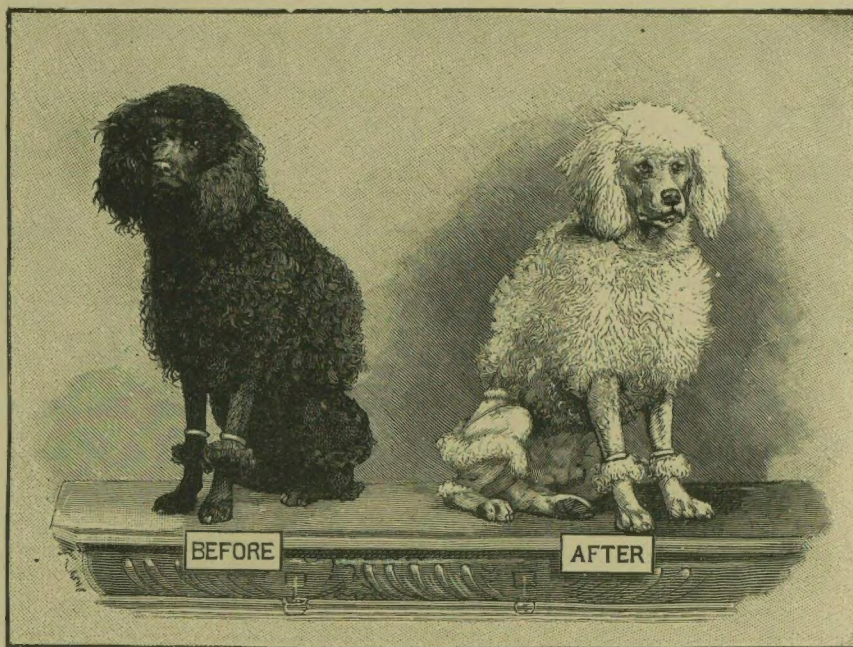
**Washed
with**

TITAN

**"Dirt flies
before it . . . clothes
wash themselves."**

—THE LADY, July 7, 1892.

**Whitens Linen
WITHOUT Chemicals.**



SOAP
**NO RUBBING
whatever.**

**BARS,
2d. & 3d.**

**CARTONS,
6d. & 1s.**

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
THE LIVERPOOL PATENT SOAP CO., Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL.

**UNEQUALLED for FLANNELS
AND WOOLLENS.**

Let Woollens steep 30 minutes in
lukewarm water in which TITAN SOAP
has been dissolved. Carefully rinse and
dry—**THAT'S ALL.**

**COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.**

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.



**BENEDICTINE
LIQUEUR.**

Sold by all Wine
Merchants, Hotels,
Restaurants, &c.

BENEDICTINE.

AN IDEAL LAXATIVE.

The CHAMBERLAIN TEA,
composed exclusively of leaves and flower petals, is the
most convenient, the most agreeable, and the most
reliable of purgatives. Certain in its effects, and gentle
in its action, it is certainly the most satisfactory aperient
procureable. It is admirably adapted for use by both
sexes and at all ages. Price 1s. per box, of all Chemists,
or post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street,
London.



**The BREECHLOADER,
AND HOW TO USE IT.**

By W. W. GREENER. Price 2s. post free
288 pp.; 100 Illustrations. (Cassell and Co.)

Contains much valuable information relative
to the choice of Guns, the detection
of spurious and worthless weapons, and
many practical hints on the handling and
use of Guns.

W. W. GREENER, 68, Haymarket, London, S.W.

**ASTHMA
AND
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**

One JOY'S CIGARETTE will immediately relieve,
and a little perseverance radically cure you. Per-
fectly harmless, and may be smoked by delicate patients,
ladies, or children. Highly recommended by eminent
physicians. All Chemists and Stores; box of 35, 2s. 6d.
Post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street,
London.

**ADAMS'S
FURNITURE
POLISH.**

THE OLDEST AND
BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

COURT & FAMILY MOURNING.

Experienced Assistants sent at a moment's notice to
any Address in Town or Country with an assortment
of the newest Mourning Goods, and travelling expenses
are not charged whatever the distance.

FUNERALS CONDUCTED WITH QUIETNESS AND ECONOMY.

PATTERNS POST FREE. ILLUSTRATIONS OF DRESS NOVELTIES GRATIS.

PETER ROBINSON.

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

Telegraphic Address, "Peter Robinson, London."

Telephone Number, 3557.



PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other
hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing
features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of
this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every
morning with that supremely delightful and effectual
dentifrice

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury
to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and
that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely
remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair
sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded
the
HIGHEST HONOURS
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Packets.

For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

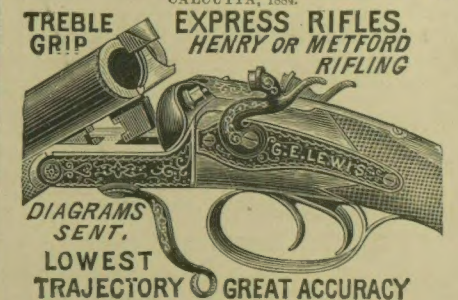
Daily Consumption
exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris,
London,
New York.

Sold Everywhere.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.
"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
TRADE-MARK. REGD.
HONOURS, PARIS, 1878; SYDNEY, 1879; MELBOURNE, 1880;
CALCUTTA, 1884.



RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and
10 bores, 20 to 50 guineas; 360, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore
Express—Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—360,
380, 340, 320, 300, and 220 bores, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single
Hammerless, same bores, 8 to 10 guineas. CAPE GUNS, one
barrel rifled, other barrel smooth bore for shot or spherical
ball—as M.L.'s from 6 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas.
COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot
barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter
forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 360
to 577 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells.
Send six stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers,
the largest Stock in the Trade, to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker,
32 & 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham. Established 1850.
Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."

SWANBILL CORSETS

(REGISTERED).

FOURTH TYPE OF FIGURE.
White or
French Grey, 25s.

A most graceful long-waisted
Corset.

"Among the 'Swanbill' we find
corsets that will make the best of
every natural charm."—The Queen.

A selection of Corsets sent for
fitting on receipt of trade refer-
ence or deposit.

Key to Swanbill Corsets, illus-
trating, by twelve types of figure,
the latest fashion, sent post free.
Cheques crossed London and
Westminster Bank.

ADDLEY BOURNE,
Ladies' Warehouse,
174, SLOANE STREET,
BELGRAVIA, LONDON.



SALE OF JEWELLERY AND SILVER PLATE.

THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LTD.,

are selling off the whole of their magnificent Stock at a Reduction of

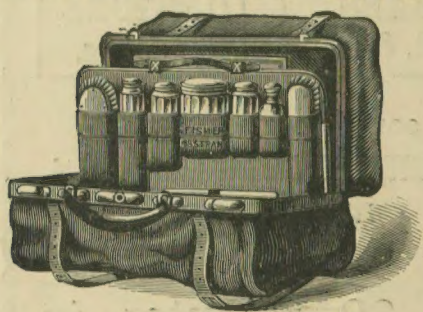
20 PER CENT.

SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS ONLY EXCEPTED.

WRITE FOR A PAMPHLET.

11 AND 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

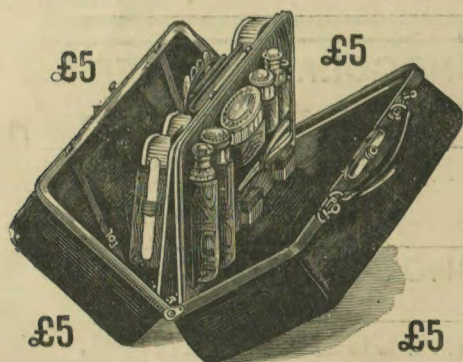
FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18-in., Plated, £6; Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook. Price, complete, £6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



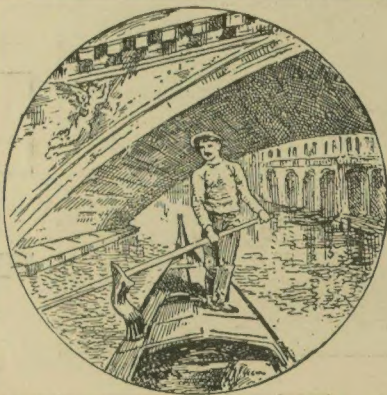
REMOVABLE CENTRE. SILVER FITTINGS.

Fourteen-Inch Morocco Leather, Nickel Lock and Catches. Most elegant and useful. Completely fitted with five Silver Mounts, Hair, Velvet, Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Comb, Paper Knife, Glove Stretcher, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Knife, Corkscrew, Tweezers, Ink, Light, complete Writing Case, and Thimble.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.

HOOPING COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen-Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.



THE KODAK

Is a Hand Camera especially designed for Amateurs. It is the most compact instrument made, and with it the largest number of exposures can be made with the least number of operations. PICTURES SQUARE OR ROUND.

NO PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY IS NECESSARY.

"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON, WE DO THE REST."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

The Eastman Photo Materials Co., Ltd.,
115, Oxford Street, London, W.
Paris: 4, Place Vendôme. Nice: Place Grimaldi.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

Far, Far, and away the Best.

Manufactured in Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Cases.

The Police recommend them to prevent burglaries, as they are

The Burglar's Horror

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS are invaluable for Nursery Lamps, Lobbies, Passages, and all places where a Good, Safe, and Perfect Light is required. No paraffin or other dangerous material used in their manufacture. Sold everywhere.

£30,000 WORTH OF JEWELLERY

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED AT LEIGH COURT, SOMERSETSHIRE, IF A

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHT (THE BURGLAR'S HORROR)

had been burning in the Bed-room.

N.B.—No Paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of these Lights.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS DIRECT TO THE WORKS, CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

Allen & Hanburys' "Perfected"

Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be,"—Lancet.

"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.

Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.

NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is NEVER sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

LIQUID MALT; forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

BYNIN

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS

Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.



Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk St., London.
Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS

MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD.

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus post free from
G. MELLIN, Marlborough Works, Peckham, S.E.

JUNO Cycles. THE VERY BEST.



JUNO G.O., Front Driver and improved light roadster. Long Base Safeties. JUNO Lady's Safety and Youth's Safety. JUNO folding Tri-cycle passes 28-inch door. Pneumatic Cushion, and Solid Tyres. 50 patterns, £8 to £30. Lists and Testimonials, 125 pages, sent post free.

Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd., 75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

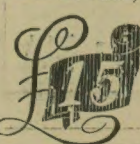
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear.

KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases,



Best London make, Breguet sprung, and adjusted to prevent variation when used during Hunting, Shooting, or Yachting; highly finished half-chronometer movement with detached Lever escapement, fully jewelled and true chronometer balance. Made in Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver Cases, £15.

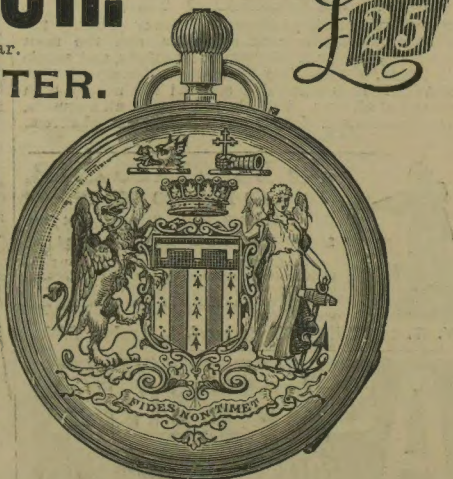
In 18-ct. Gold Cases,



To officers proceeding on foreign service, residents in India or the Colonies, and to travellers generally, this watch is strongly recommended as a really strong, accurate, and durable time-keeper.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS from wearers in all parts of the World.

Monograms and Crests extra.



The Hunting Editor of the Field ("Arundel") says: "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22.

See BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK (just published), containing 200 Pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most complete Book of its kind issued. Post Free on application to

J. W. BENSON (Watchmaker to H.M. THE QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C., And at 23, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; And 25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.